Escapade

GALA ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

OCTOBER 1956 50 CENTS

INSIDE ESCAPADE:

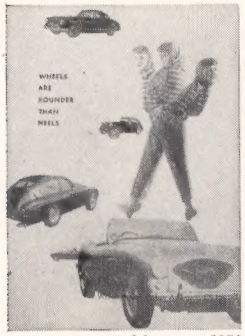
A BEAUTIFUL BIRTHDAY (CHEESE) CAKE

october, 1955

november, 1955

december, 1955

january, 1956



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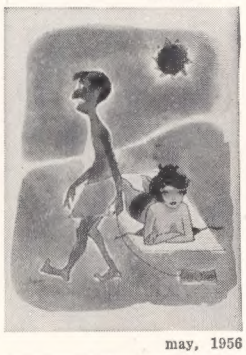

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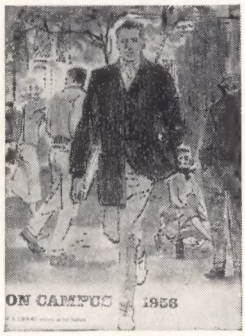

september, 1956

IN THE AMERICAN TRADITION

Americans like nothing better than to read about a success story in the Horatio Alger tradition. The rags-to-riches formula is one that always strikes an immediate response in the hearts of all of us — no matter what our station in life.

So, it is with justifiable pride that we do a little horn tooting on this, the first anniversary of the appearance of *Escapade* on the American magazine scene. A year ago we started with a modest print order of 175,000 copies. Today, over 600,000 copies of the current (October, 1956) issue will find their way to the newsstands of the nation —a more than three-fold increase in circulation in just 12 months!

Modesty permits us to make no further statistical observation about our remarkable growth, except to say that no magazine in recent publishing history has equalled this record. Naturally we feel elated over this success, but with this emphatic demonstration of public acceptance has come a deeper feeling of responsibility towards our readers. It is a responsibility that charges us with the continuing task of producing a magazine devoted to the principles of entertaining the urbane male (quite a few of our readers are of the gentler sex, too).

With this end in view, therefore, we can promise you that succeeding issues of *Escapade* will offer expanded coverage in the realm of fiction, humor and photographic art. By now the varied tastes of the American *Escapader* have become better known to us, and the magazine will always be edited with that goal in mind. We trust that the growing army of *Escapaders* who visit with us each month will help to make the second year of our existence even greater and more productive than the first.

In this anniversary issue we are proud to present one of the finest short stories we've come across in recent years, *"The Racer,"* by talented Ib Melchior, Danish-born son of opera star Lauritz Melchior. Authority on Shakespeare, stage and TV director, author and fluent linguist, Ib Melchior is at home in the world's capitals and a scintillating figure at *soirees* in New York and Hollywood.

His knowledge of languages (he speaks seven) stood him in excellent stead during his wartime service with the OSS, when he was instrumental in the destruction of the Nazi undercover Werewolf organization. Currently, he is in Hollywood writing for TV, the movies and the stage. If *"The Racer"* doesn't make the anthologies, we're poor guessers.

MELCHIOR

This issue boasts a real wealth of top quality writing. A case in point is the colorful *"Sol y Sombra,"* by Ellsworth Chunn, a finely drawn character study with a bullfight background. *Aficionados* of the sport will find this an authentic and heart-moving story.

And there's much, much more. For lighthearted laughs, try *"When Jazz Was Zut,"* by Ted Swanson. This is a hilarious satire on the usual heavy-handed jazz critiques and brings to light for the first time that wonderfully complicated instrument, the hekkophone (double-inverted). For solid information (we assume our readers know what whiskey is), there is *"Aged In The Wood,"* an article on the history of that royalty of beverages, Bourbon, by Abraham Stern, with incidental references to other libations.

And if you want the low-down on that Hollywood institution, the Screen Test, turn to Pages 32-33.

Don't get bogged down there, though. There are lots of other choice items in this Anniversary Issue. Including the most fantastic Birthday Cake you've ever seen!

DAVID ZENTNER, Editor and Publisher

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JOE KNEFLER, Executive Editor

RAY RICH, Associate Art Director

FRANK CAMPBELL, Associate Editor

BETTY GRIES, Editorial Assistant

LEONARD MARTINEZ, Circulation Director

escapade

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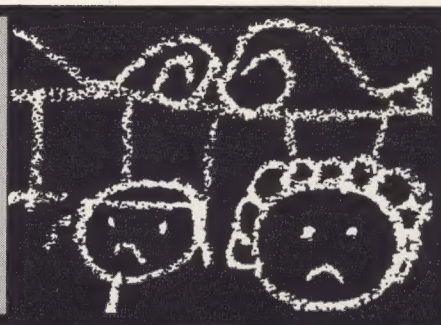


Escapade is published monthly by the DEE PUBLISHING CO. Editorial and business offices: Suite 205-210, 8511 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Printed in the U.S.A. No responsibility is accepted for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or pictures, but contributions are invited provided return postage accompanies all submissions. Similarity between actual persons, names or places and persons, names or places appearing in **ESCAPADE** is not intended and is purely coincidental. Copyright, 1956, by DEE PUBLISHING CO. 2nd class entry pending at Rochelle, Ill.

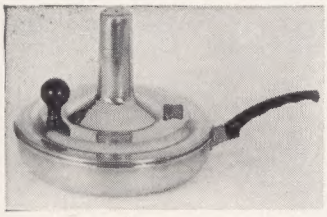
CREDITS: Cover photo, photo Pages 34-35, Bill Graham; photo, Page 20, Dale Healy; photos, Pages 32-33, U. S. Features; photos, Pages 52-53, Earl MacPherson.

NATHAN KATZ, National Advertising Representative, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York City, New York.

Escapade's

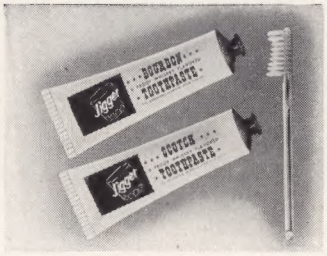
NOTICE

The selection of items described on these pages was made with the discriminating *Escapader* in mind. Mail order checks and money orders should *not* be sent to us, but direct to the manufacturer or distributor.



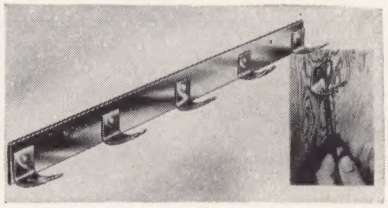
ALADIN Magic Cooker

So named because it does wondrous things to about anything cookable. The trick is uniform heat generated by use of steam, which results in flavor out of this world. A top-of-the-stove cooker made of heavy gauge polished aluminum with heat-proof Bakelite handles, this is an item with special appeal to the bachelor gourmet. In two sizes, 1½ and 3 qt. capacities, at $7.95 and $9.95. John Surray, Ltd., 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.



LIKKER TOOTH PASTE

At last, here's real he-man tooth paste — genuine 6 proof stuff that's the best argument yet for brushing your teeth three times a day. Full size 2½ ounce tubes of paste are flavored with Scotch, Bourbon and Rye whiskey. Why fight oral hygiene — enjoy it! Specify flavor. One dollar per tube, postpaid. From the Greenland Studios, 5858 E. Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.



HANG-A-ROD-BAR

The fisherman who lives the sport will find need for the Hang-A-Rod Bar, a neat gimmick designed by a fisherman. Only 15 inches long, this portable rod rack of polished aluminum can be hung or mounted on the wall, to guarantee safe storage for fresh water rods. Will accommodate five rods, with reels attached. Rods are suspended between nickeled prongs and cannot bend or warp. $2.95 from Dorrod, Inc., Box #2146, Kansas City, Missouri.

barbs and balm ...

SUIT SUITS ROOTING READERS

DEAR ESCAPADE:

In your July, '56, copy of *Escapade* on page 43 you had a picture of a suit and shirt to match. I wonder if it is on the market, or if you could send me information concerning it . . .

JAMES D. NIERMEYER
Muncie, Indiana

DEAR ESCAPADE:

We are pleased to see your magazine is one of the first to come out with something extraordinary. We would appreciate it very much if you would send us the address of where we could purchase the suit.

DON BROOKSHIRE
Loring Air Force Base

DEAR ESCAPADE:

. . . what I am writing about is the one piece suit by Sy Devore; could you send me more information . . .

SPENCER F. BRIGGS JR.
Detroit, Michigan

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I sure dig that cool suit, man . . .

BILL RADZIUSKI JR
East Chicago, Indiana

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I have one serious question concerning this phenomenon: "How can I get it?"

R. J. LABELLE
Chicago

DEAR ESCAPADE:

. . . and I find myself with a problem.

It concerns your very interesting article on those new one piece suits. I think they're fabulous and so does my husband. Therefore, with a birthday coming up, I would like to buy one for him.

But . . . your article failed to mention where they could be purchased . . .

MRS. R. HYLINSKI
Toledo, Ohio

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I thought it was a very smart looking suit and would like to purchase one like it if it is possible.

ROBERT STEIN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Kindly send me the address of the store . . .

LORENZO J. O'BRIEN
Bronx, New York

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Are they being sold anywhere in the San Francisco Bay area?

JERRY A. BIAGINI
San Francisco

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Please get this into production soon for the poor, long-suffering males of America.

DONALD WERMEYER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Greatest thing since the invention of the truss.

However, I object to the one-piece shirt and trouser combination. Let's face it, there are times when a man has to get his trousers on and off with the greatest rapidity.

The Air Force has had a one-piece work outfit for some time but is presently returning to the regular shirt and trouser combination.

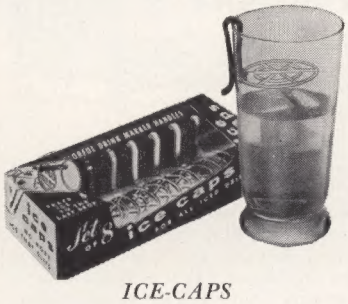
S/SGT NORMAN L. DODGE
Washington, D. C.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Escapade is very, very happy at reader response to the "Escapader." Sy Devore tells us that the price for the suit is still prohibitive, since it is not, as yet, in production. When he gets rolling (or sewing) with it, you'll have to get in line — with our staff!)

EMPORIUM

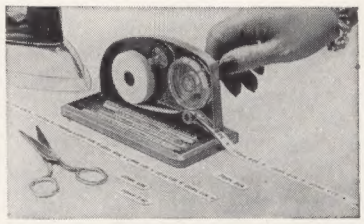
CLOSET ROLLER ROD

Here's a clothes closet rod, with roller bearing fittings on each clothing hook — that outmodes sagging clothes poles and brackets. No creases, less pressing, saves closet space. The rod is simple to attach, comes in sizes to fit all closets. Adjustable, nickel-plated solid steel construction. Order:
"A" 18" to 30" (10 rollers) — $2.95
"B" 30" to 48" (15 rollers) — $3.95
"C" 48" to 72" (20 rollers) — $4.95
Extra rollers are available at 3 for 45¢, 6 for 85¢, 12 for $1.60; all from William Novack, Inc., 35 S. Park Ave., Dept. HR-000, Rockville Centre, New York.



ICE-CAPS

Someone has finally gotten around to inventing a gismo to keep the ice cubes in the glass, where they belong, not bouncing off your front teeth. Called Ice-Caps, they're plastic shields with a clip to hold them in place in the glass. In different colors, they will serve to identify drinks on refills, too. An excellent inexpensive gift item, a set eight retails for a mere 75¢. At retailers, or direct from the manufacturer: Rainbow Plastics, 3232 Meeker Ave., El Monte, California.



TAPE WRITER

This is a do-it-yourself printing press for name tapes to put on sox, shirts, sheets, most any piece of cloth you want to identify as your own. Comes with a set of removable plastic type, both letters and numbers, to spell any name address. The tape irons on easily, eliminates tedious sewing. The ink is washproof. Ample supply of tape and ink to last a long time. Tape Writer kit sells for a very reasonable $3.98. Order from Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc., 538 Madison Ave., Dept. 751, New York 22, New York.

HE'D CHANGE IT

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I was very interested to read your article on the new suit fashion for the modern man of distinction, the *"Escader."* Mr. Sy Devore has indeed come up with a novel design in men's wear, streamlined to the maximum and functional to the same degree.

As the final line in the article requested of readers, I shall give you my thoughts, for what they are worth.

My most urgent suggestion is that such a suit be made available with a detachable shirt, for the following reasons: If the trousers and shirt are constructed as a single unit, it would be limited . . . that is, midnight blue suit, light blue shirt and striped tie front as your illustrations show. However, with a separate shirt, the same blue suit could be worn with a grey shirt and tie front, white shirt, mauve, pink or whatever else suits the wearer . . . ties could also be of contrasting colors . . .

One suit in, say, blue, with two shirts and three box-pleat ties would make possible six different color combinations; two suits, properly chosen color-wise, would permit many more combinations.

As far as I am concerned, the washability of the suit is immaterial. However, in making the suit washable you also limit the colors, as most such fabrics come only in solid colors. If the factor of washability were eliminated in favor of wool, think of the stunning and varied color and pattern combination which could be employed. Grey flannel, always popular, would be absolutely ideal for a suit of this styling, as well as charcoals, certain tweeds, shantungs, etc.

The "four suits for a hundred dollars" idea would be out . . . but with the interchangeability factor added, the cost difference would be justified . . . The separate shirt, with no belt, is really no problem. Simply substitute a belt-and-buckle adjustment on each side, a single belt in the rear, or even an elasticized band about the waist . . . and thereby hold the pants up and the shirt down . . .

ALLAN K. BRIER
Staten Island, New York

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We note with some interest your remarks, Mr. Brier; they show you have given the subject considerable intelligent thought. However, we feel that some of your suggestions would result in a garment different only in cut from present-day suits available in any store. The single-unit construction proposed by Escapade, with comfort and ease of maintenance in mind, cannot, according to qualified clothing designers, be approximated in two-unit construction. The washability and cost factors, too, while they may not be important in every case, are important to most men. Because of the low cost of the suit in mass production, Escapade feels that needed variety can be obtained cheaply and simply through possession of a number of suits; merely change the whole outfit, rather than a part of it. When it is realized that a decent shirt now costs around four dollars, a belt at least three and a tie three, for a total of ten dollars, it can be seen that the Escapader suit, combining all of these units, as well as trousers and coat, for around twenty-five dollars (in mass-produced quantities) is the better deal.)

JOHANSON REACTION

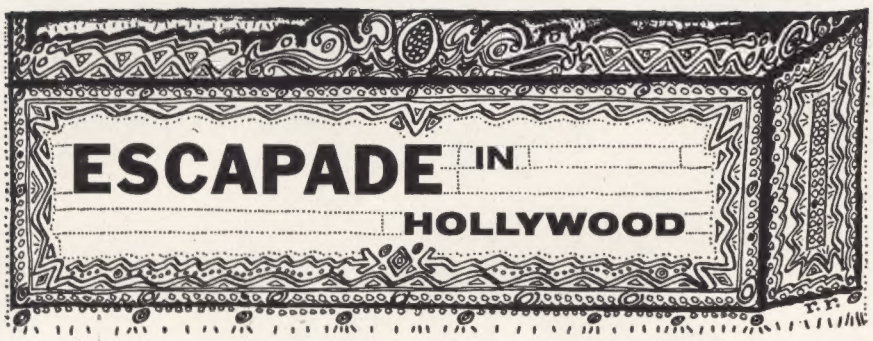
DEAR ESCAPADE:

We shall not laugh at Helene Johanson's unhappy experience (*Escapade* for June) for it is not a laughing matter. However, I do not think we should completely condemn her father for the actions taken.

Our family has read your magazine since it first appeared on the newsstands . . . however, I am certain that Helene misstated the real reason for her painful experience. I don't ordinarily write this kind of letter, but being just a bit older than Helene and even more recently off my father's lap, believe that I should speak out.

Helene, painful as it is to sit here, and embarrassing as it was a few hours back . . . one fact comes through. I deserved it, every whack of that strap helped me to realize this; and remember, too, Helene

(Continued on next page)



Despite the masochistic wails of some segments of the movie industry and the die-hard old-line theater operators, whom even bulging bosoms and risque Westerns haven't been able to save from the moving finger, there's every sign that Hollywood is in the middle of a vast rejuvenation today and coming into its own again in a second boom even bigger than the initial film impact of 60 years ago.

Dramatizing Hollywood's role as entertainment capital for the atomic future are the new $6,000,000 installations at NBC-TV's Color City in Burbank, just over the hill in the San Fernando Valley. They've revolutionized color program scheduling in time for the big fall and winter seasons, when the nation deserts the drive-in theaters and vacation spots for the cozy fireside kaleidoscope.

The mushrooming of Color City gives solid backing to Hollywood's new-generation bid to top New York as the mecca for ambitious young actors, actresses, writers and directors, as well as for top-flight established show people.

With the movie studios settling their once-bitter war with video on the principle, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," the combined industry on the West Coast has definitely more to offer as an inducement to talent. Of MGM's recent decision to go into the TV business — leaving Paramount and Universal-International the only major holdouts — an industry spokesman comments: "This is the biggest thing to hit Hollywood since talking pictures. The situation is changing faster than the odds in a crap game!"

On actual numerical comparison of coast-to-coast network shows originated, New York right at this moment may have a slight edge in the figures. But 99 per cent of the New York product is live shows — due not to any Broadway tradition but simply to lack of facilities in vertical Manhattan, where even lofts are at a premium, as compared with the big, sprawling, ultra-modern installations in and around Hollywood.

Hollywood, on the other hand, offers the twin and rapidly merging fields as a challenge and a huge blossoming market for talent, and on the basis of recent progress the West Coast is on its way to outstrip New York in sheer TV volume, too. In the 1951-52 season, NBC-TV in Hollywood originated a wistful five top national shows live and four filmed; by 1955 this had jumped to 19 live and 18 filmed; 1956 opened with 15 and 18. These are over and above the big color news spectaculars such as the Oscar and Emmy Awards, the A-bomb tests at Las Vegas and the Rose Bowl doings. And this represents just one network.

As augury of what the future promises, take for example the *"Matinee Theater"* show originating here, which is NBC's special baby in that it has lifted top-notch live evening color programming into the afternoon field, five days a week—a trend which will be evident more and more with the expansion of Color City.

Hosted by John Conte, *"Matinee Theater,"* which is on its way to becoming an institution, has featured among its guest luminaries Judy Canova in her first dramatic appearance on video, Eddie Cantor, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Ann Harding, Dorothy Kirsten, Constance Ford, John Barrymore, Jr., and many others.

To give some idea of the talent consumed by this one show alone, since October of 1955 its producers and editors have interviewed close to 8000 actors and actresses, both aspiring and arrived. *"Matinee Theater"* at one time or another has used just about 25 per cent of AFTRA's Hollywood membership, and paid them well over $500,000.

According to statistics-minded NBC spokesmen, some 6000 costumes have been made and fitted for *"Matinee Theater,"* and the show's three makeup artists have applied enough cosmetics to keep a woman glamorous for 25 years. Not to mention 4000-odd gallons of coffee consumed on the sets.

Latest additions to Color City have brought expenditures on the 48-acre Valley tract to $13,000,000, eloquently backing up NBC President Robert W. Sarnoff's assertions of his faith in the zooming future of color TV.

Among technical installations are facilities for the newly perfected lenticular process of kinescoping color shows, permitting Western viewers for the first time to see all national color productions at the same clock hour they are seen in the East, rather than in the early evening.

The new color studio is NBC's second to be built specially for color from the ground up, and the technical building is the master control center for all West Coast color originators.

Two more black-and-white studios are being built with plans calling for imminent conversion to color, and a new administration building will be finished early next year.

All in all, it looks as though the Hollywood entertainment industry's alleged death pangs of a few years ago were more likely labor pains.

—EDWARD S. SULLIVAN

barbs and balm

(*Continued from Page 5*)

— the fact that your father cared enough to correct you means he loves you more than you realize.

Think it over; it wasn't the *Escapades* that brought on your trouble — it couldn't be!

Keep up the good work, *Escapade!*

BARBARA BEATTEY
New York City

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I agree with *Escapade* that it was silly for Helene Johanson's dad to spank her for reading your outstanding magazine. In fact, I think spanking an adult is quite childish, anyway. I am 22 years old and my husband has the opinion that a spanking now and then keeps a wife in line. About once a month, he bends me over the arm of our overstuffed chair and administers a sound hairbrush spanking . . . when he gets through the target area is more than a blushing pink. If Helene does marry a man that carries on her father's tactics, she has many, many sitless days ahead of her.

MARTHA GROTH
Newark, New Jersey

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We don't think "childish" is quite the proper adjective).

DEAR ESCAPADE:

In your June issue you published a letter from one Helene Johanson, of Oakland, California, in which she complained of a rather severe beating administered by her father with a hairbrush. This fifteen-minute castigation was dealt to her allegedly as the result of her possessing several copies of your excellent magazine.

I find this impossible to believe. It is incomprehensible to me that in a supposedly civilized state there could be a man who not only expects adults to be entertained by reading matter written for children, but also enforces his expectations in the most barbaric way possible.

The only conclusions I can draw are that either Miss Johanson was beaten for a blacker crime than that of freedom of thought or that her father is sadistically insane and takes pleasure in beating naked young women. If the latter is the case, I think she would be interested to know that in most states a beating such as she received, administered to a major, constitutes criminal assault.

While writing this letter, a question occurred to me: If this protector of virgin innocence has such an enormous abhorncee for the female body, how did he ever get a daughter to use his bristly bastinado on?

LT. DAVID CARVER, USN

(EDITOR'S NOTE: We dig you, Lieutenant. Have you noticed that most of the letters in Barbs & Balm defending the whipping of adult daughters by their "loving" fathers have been from the daughters? All of these letters have had one thing in common: each has contained a graphic description of such a spanking, the details of which, to say the least, are always so immodest that they have had to be deleted before the letter could be published. This would be humorous, if it wasn't for the fact that such sickness is never funny. And we'll let your letter conclude the series — on a healthier note).

barbs and balm

FAN MAIL

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Every now and then a fellow reads a magazine and enjoys it so much that he wants to keep it as a part of his library at home. Well, I read *Escapade* back in April and I enjoyed every moment of it. In fact, I want to preserve all the issues that I can in my home library. However, this has created quite a bit of a problem and I am hoping that you will be able to help me with its solution.

First of all, there are Vol. I, Nos. 1-6, inclusive, of the back issues which I am missing. Do you have any of these back issues available . . .? Then, too, I am in need of the June issue . . .

At any rate, a million thanks to you for any attention you give this letter, and sincere congratulations to all of you on a truly fine publication . . .

FREDERICK D. SLUTTER
248 Brodhead Avenue
East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Sorry. We can't help you with back issues. We hope that readers of your letter in Barbs & Balm may be able to help).

DEAR ESCAPADE:

As a Navy man, I could not file your excellent magazine without offering congrats to Violet M. Cobb for her heart-warming *"Zindy"* (*Escapade* for June). The sailor could easily have been a GI or Marine or any serviceman, for that matter, but to see humanity, even though fictional, rise from a situation in a Navy town helps to restore one's faith in his fellow man. A damn fine story, any way you look at it. Keep *Escapade* coming just as it is now, and I can assure you of circulation aboard this ship.

WILLIAM J. MONAGHAN
Norfolk, Virginia

WEE MG

DEAR ESCAPADE:

The Petro cartoon . . . is a sports car classic; in fact I'm having it framed and placed on the ceiling of my room.

I was inspired to write the following:

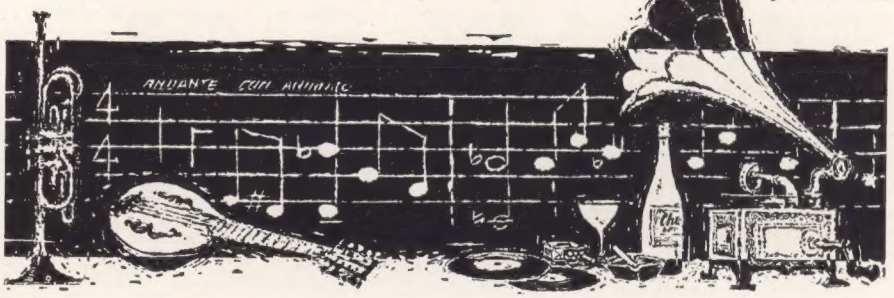
"The English all agree,"
Said he
With an unmistakable note of glee
"That a he and a she
In a wee MG
Can agree——
For a fee
Or free—
To try.
But take it from me,
Or try it and see.
"For a sport car's great in a rallye,
For racing and riding and stuff,
But when it comes to Lovin',
Man, it just ain't big enough!"

ED BRONSON
Denver, Colorado

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Or you might say, "A sport car's fun, and cheap to run, but is a frustrated lass worth a saving in gas?")*

ESCAPADES IN WAX

By JOEY SASSO



POPULAR

Singing out of a galvanized mike and working with all new-cut material, Al Hibbler has odds to kick up bucketfuls of excitement on his newest Decca release, *"Starring Al Hibbler."* The music is both virile and intimately scaled under the able waving of Jack Pleis and his ork. For those who already have the Hibbler habit there's more than enough good stuff here to satisfy the craving for a while. His contrasting timbres, antiseptic phrasing and unmuddied harmonic sense on the dozen tunes (including *"Stella by Starlight," "Where Are You," "September in the Rain," "There Are Such Things,"* and his own specialty, *"After the Lights Go Down Low,"*) take on a new scope. The multitude of Hibbler habitues, as well as new admirers, should grab this up in gobs.

• • • •

Trotting out all the old wax classics of earlier editions of the Tommy Dorsey band, RCA-Victor, displaying some cogent culling, binds 27 tunes into a deluxe, two-LP set titled *"That Sentimental Gentlemen."* Taken from air-checks of live Dorsey sessions and replete with the cacophony of a hand-clapping, cheering and whistling audience, this package is both a nostalgic show-stopper as well as a lively, spontaneous swinger. Famous alumni from the Dorsey dormitory wake up again and make appropriate contributions, including Ziggy Elman, who horns in with his full-throated trumpet in many a spot; Jo Stafford, who early displayed a luscious lyric gift; Buddy Rich, who was at his rat-a-tat best; the Pied Pipers, who sing with marshmallow tenderness. These, as well as Frank Sinatra, Bunny Berigan, Sy Oliver, Dick Haymes and Joe Bushkin, are on tap here to do some nice memory-jogging.

• • • •

"Sax in Satin" (Victor), cut from the same cloth as an earlier entry (*Sax in Silk"*) by Bobby Dukoff, is a sumptuous-sounding admixture of mood music with jazz overtones. Dukoff's fluid tenor sax, a lush, bracing backing by the Ray Charles Chorus, and a cotton-soft instrumental ensemble join in a consensual conspiracy to make your sales job on her a bit more effective. Samples of the fare include such sure-fire convincers as *"Tea For Two," "I Thought About You," "This Love of Mine"* and *"Stardust."* The nifty nymph on the cover (arising from the mouth of a sax) does for your orbs what the music inside does for your lobes.

JAZZ

"Oscar Peterson Plays Count Basie" (Clef) is the tag on this biscuit and, perhaps taking it too literally, Peterson does indeed play the hell out of him with his both-hands-in-all-directions type piano. In addition to Peterson at this clambake are his regulars, Herb Ellis and Ray Brown, plus a driving Buddy Rich. All four come up with some fascinating inventiveness on such outstanding tracks as *"Broadway," "Blue and Sentimental," "Topsy," "One O'Clock Jump," "Jive at Five," "Lester Leaps In,"* and *"Easy Does It,"* which gets a finger-bustin' solo from Brown, backed up nicely with a beguiling beat by the boys. Even the tin-eared can suspect from the goings-on that these guys love the music they are playing. Peterson, for his part, fires the crew into something more than just an illusion of fusion . . . they knowingly, matter-of-factly play beautifully together. End of commercial.

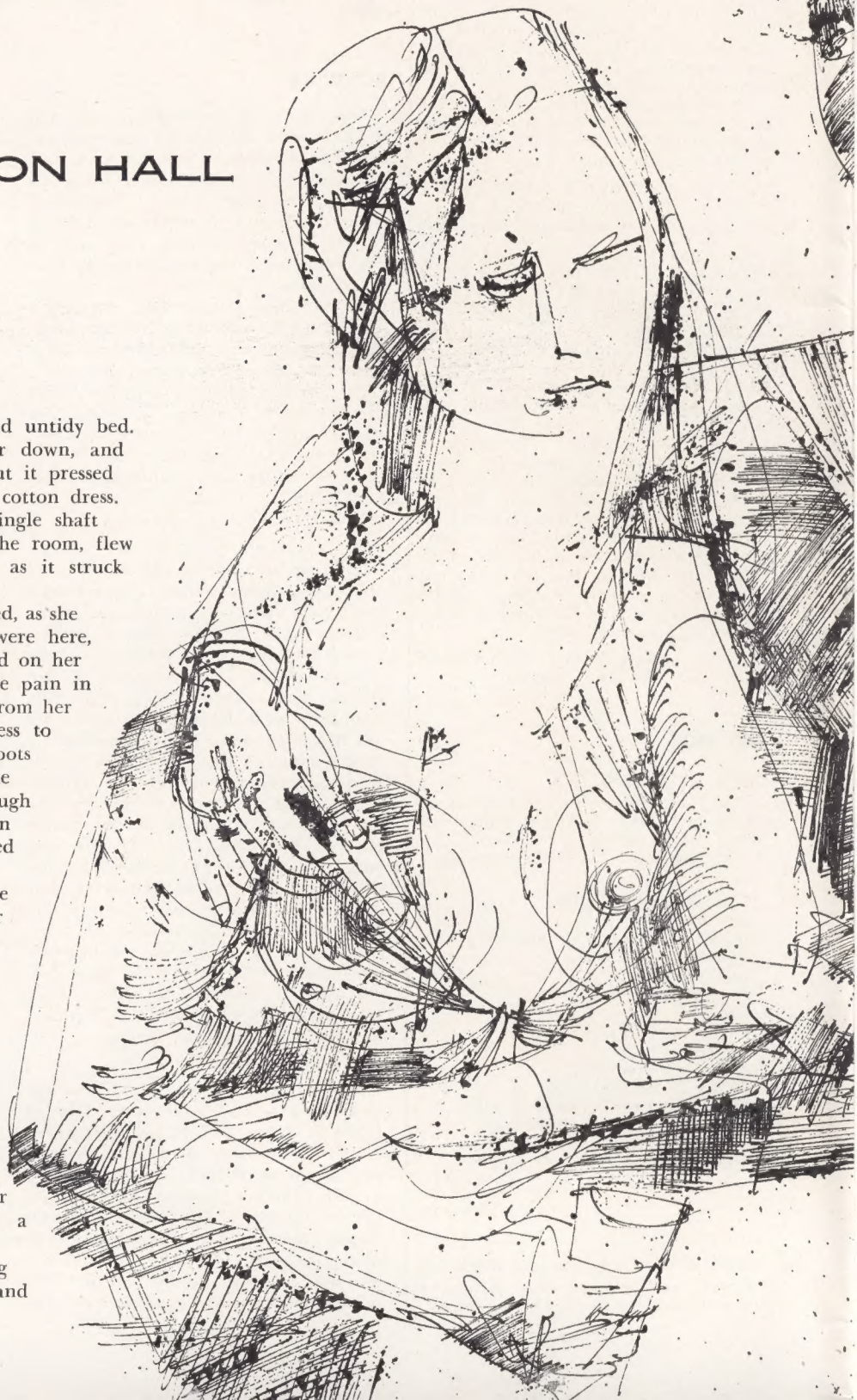
• • • •

The Jackie McLean Quintet, as fine a group of heads-up jazz vendors as you're ever likely to hear, display some tasty tempo approaches with disarming ingenuity on their Prestige release *"Lights Out."* The focal point of interest for us was the richly swinging, mutually kicking improvisatory interplay between McLean's alto sax and Donald Byrd's trumpet. Elmo Hope's keyboard, always bristling with ideas, comes on like a jet despite the three-ring-circus, something-going-on-at-all-times atmosphere generated by the rest of the sidemen. There are moods aplenty here from the long meditation, *"Lights Out,"* to the relaxed ballad, *"Lorraine."* Other conversation pieces, either jaggedly racing or plumbing the depths, are *"Up," "A Foggy Day," "Kerplunk"* and *"Inding."* This is an unflaggingly exciting outing. We gave it the highest rating: 5 planets.

FILL MY EMPTY BED

she had known too much longing, had been too long alone

fiction by STANTON HALL



She stirred fitfully on the dirty and untidy bed. The weight of the heat pressed her down, and she turned slightly to thrust it off but it pressed more tightly, as did the sweat-soaked cotton dress. The late afternoon sun came in a single shaft through the small, lone window of the room, flew across, and scattered in vague darts as it struck the empty bottles in the corner.

"This room . . . the heat," she groaned, as she became conscious of herself. "If he were here, I would not live like this." She turned on her side and tried to sleep again, but the pain in her side would not let her. She rose from her stupor, and pulled vainly at the dress to loosen it from the wet and clinging spots around her body. She looked into the dusty mirror, pulled the brush through her matted hair, and succeeded only in getting it away from her sweat-streaked forehead.

"Damn," she muttered, taking the key and staggering down the corridor to the single bathroom at the end. She almost stumbled over a large bag of garbage. Brushing against it, she sent a large formation of cockroaches scurrying across the floor. Her eyes noticed a large, pregnant roach that waddled. Following it until it had nearly gained the sanctuary of the baseboard, she brought her foot slowly and forcefully down until she heard the crack of the shell. A moist blot satisfied her that she had extinguished perhaps a thousand potential roaches.

She relaxed as the relieved feeling came over her but her head swam, and

she dozed, to be awakened by a gnawing, creeping feeling of nausea. She held her head in her hands, turned, and gagged violently. The wave passed. She propped herself on the bowl until she regained her strength. She dozed again, until she was shaken by a loud knock and a shout at the door.

"Come on! Come on! Let's share the damned place!" said Mr. Robbins from down the hall. She hated that deep, gruff voice.

"Hold on a minute," she said, standing up and flushing the bowl.

"That's what I've been doing . . . come on!"

She staggered to the mirror, but could see nothing.

"Oh, it was you, Queenie," the gruff voice said as she walked into the hall. "You have to share the throne around here."

"Why don't you . . ." she began, but the door slammed in her face before she could think of a proper phrase with which to finish.

By the time she reached her door, phrases avalanched into her mind, and as she stood looking at the toilet door she bombarded Mr. Robbins with a barrage of silent but savage epithets.

Her mouth felt as though it were full of sand. She lay on the bed, but between the sweat and the creeping waves of nausea, she was forced to stand again. Poking listlessly at the damp, matted hair, the brush made little progress. "Five years . . . waiting . . . searching," she thought as she tugged at the uncomfortable spots around her body where the dress was clinging with sweat.

She turned on the tap and waited, but the stale, lukewarm dribble would not cool. She flicked drops on her face and wiped her hands on the grimy towel, and ran the towel down the front and back of her dress, trying to unglue the sticking dress. It was too tight for her, she knew, but she pulled at the fabric nevertheless.

Her mouth bit and stung. She took a small glass from the shelf and poured vodka into it to a point just three-quarters of the way full. She sat at the small kitchen table and held the glass in front of her, looking through the window and seeing the contorted, dingy fire escape on the next building. As she twisted the glass slightly, the iron bars jumped; another twist, another jump. With a slow, rhythmical twisting and twirling, she sent the fire escape into a flowing, graceful dance, much like that of the *corps de ballet* she remembered. The cement, whiter than the bricks, weaved and turned in symmetrical contours, much like a chorus line, the bricks following the lines, like a fantasy backdrop. She and Bill had been to

(Continued on next page)

Illustration by JOHN ALTOON

FILL MY EMPTY BED (*Continued from Page 9*)

many such performances before he left, so long ago . . .

A final dip, a graceful twirl, a rhythmic whirl, and with her lips she drew the curtain to act one.

"Vodka . . . liquor . . . it makes life more tolerable until Bill comes back." It also made her sweat more, but within a few minutes, she knew, that would not bother her. A stale, thick odor assailed her nostrils, and she tried to ignore it. Her mouth felt clean and fresh now. When she and Bill set up an apartment, it would have lots of windows and fresh air.

Filling the glass again to the point, she opened act two. Her mind played with the prince who, thwarted as were she and Bill, was fighting desperately. Many things came to her mind as she remembered the great number of lectures, concerts, ballets, exhibits and plays Bill and she had gone to on the free or substantially reduced in price tickets Bill had obtained as a student of City College. She missed these events, and Bill even more. The heat pressed her, and with a grand twirl she closed act two.

They told her that Bill was dead, but she knew that he could not be. Not her Bill. Perhaps someone else's Bill could be dead, but not her Bill. He would return to marry her, father her children, make a home for them, and protect her from the heat and the dirt. She would look at the city with courage, from a nice apartment uptown, and never see this dirty apartment, that wall and fire escape outside the small window. Yet, with all its present inconvenience, it was the only way she knew how to stay alive.

She poured another glass, wondering if Bill were looking, searching, and waiting as she was.

He would come back, she knew. The War Department makes mistakes, like everyone else. How could they possibly keep track of four thousand men on an aircraft carrier?

She moved the glass again, and noticed that everything was taking on a hazy, pastel look. Everything was becoming lazy and sleepy. The bricks were pushing into one another, absorbing their individual identities and going to sleep.

Why they needed a fine tenor voice, the promising musician that Bill was, she did not know. It was unfair! Two years together, six weeks of bliss and passion, and he had gone. Had she known the love Bill showed her in passion, she would have loved him this way much sooner. Six weeks, and they had taken him from her . . . and killed him! They said . . .

She moved to the window and heard the street calling. It seethed with life and love, with hate and death, all in an intricate pattern which she somehow loved but did not understand. The street held everything she knew of life. It was the same street she had walked with Bill. Yet, somehow, she felt that the street was different now.

The noises of the street called to her again, begging her to join in the passing stream to somewhere from somewhere. Its magnet pulled her, and told her that Bill was there. The call was a passion, as it had been on all other nights. She always went, but Bill was not there. Perhaps tonight the street was telling the truth.

She stood, turned quickly, staggered, and knocked over the wastebasket, which clattered to the floor and rolled under the table. An obsession struck her, and she feverishly took a blouse and skirt from the small rack behind the door, tossing her cotton dress into the corner. If there was anything she hated it was an impetuous man. She could ill afford new clothes at a time like this.

The heat became more noticeable as she pulled the skirt over her full and well-formed hips. It was too tight, also, but she managed to close the zipper. The bra's hooks pulled out as she tugged to close it behind her. She rummaged through the clothes on the floor and found them all too dirty. A safety pin would have to do for tonight. She hooked it carefully, so as to avoid another break. There was a smudge on her last blouse, but in the coming darkness no one would notice.

Everything seemed to press and squeeze her as she hurriedly dressed. Beads of sweat formed and rolled gently on her brow, down her shoulders, and made the blouse cling to the white of her back. She must hurry. Her matted hair resisted the comb, but she finally arranged the locks where she wanted them. She pulled the sheet tight on the bed and adjusted a light spread over it. Messy, but no one would notice it in the dark, and if she found Bill he would take her from all this squalor and stench.

She picked up her lipstick with a shaking hand, smeared it, and swore. Again she tried, and this time it did not smear, but was much too thick.

She must get out of this room or be crushed. The street called again, and the alley was darkening slowly. Bill must be there, calling to her, looking for her. She put the vodka on the shelf and the glass in the sink. "I'll wash it later," she thought.

A scream of living joy and rapture greeted her as the auto horns, the shouting vendors, newsboys, screeching tires, roaring engines, and the low, incessant voices of the street bid her "good evening." Five years had made this a familiar thing. The cooler breeze from the bay pushed the beads of sweat from her forehead, and billowed the blouse around her shoulders.

Walking rapidly across the street she came to the next corner, where the breeze whispered to her that she must search by the dock area, where Bill was waiting. She turned toward the docks. The friendly, blinking lights at the mastheads winked at her and welcomed her back. An occasional, high-pitched laugh of a woman, followed by the gruff rumble of a man, mingled with the merry chattering of voices, told her that life was well under way, and that Bill was somewhere in that crowd.

The beckoning light of Sam's Shore Station made her increase her pace. As she entered she saw a number of sailors sitting around the room. She looked carefully at each one, searching for Bill. Several of them smiled at her. The dim lights and smoke brought back a feeling of heat and closeness, of oppression, of her room.

"Here you are, Peg," the bartender said as she sat down.

"Thank you, Jake," she said, passing a crumpled dollar bill over the counter to him. The vodka burned, but the smoke lifted and the heat left her.

She looked around, but could not see Bill. A lonely feeling crept over her, although she did not know why. Bill would have laughed at her and given her a long argument about people who are lonely in a crowd. Her impatience grew. Somewhere, out there, was Bill. He was searching too. The street pulled her, and with a quick motion she swallowed the rest of her drink, swept up her change, and fled to the street.

Everywhere was a soft blending of light and sound. It was a symphony of the bay; the muted strings, accompanied by plaintive woodwinds of the whistles of the bay, all punctuated by the bells of the buoys, gave an antiphonal effect. Anxiety gripped her, as it did each night. Would she know him? Would he know her? Five years was a long time.

She moved closer to each sailor she passed, looking intently for Bill, and failing to see him. She moved on, drawing a cloak of fog around her, a cloak of security and protection.

The lights of Sam's place told her that she had gone around the block.

(*Continued on Page 30*)

"Sure, I'll give you a lift—how far do you go?"

Just Out
"EXPLORING TIMBUCTU TRAILS" BY LEE WELLES
noted author & explorer will discuss & autograph copies of his books
hysar

"I suppose your biggest trouble, Mr. Welles, is finding virgin territory to explore."

BUDGET FOR BACHELORS

By the time most bachelors find the girl and are ready for the bonds of matrimony, they have trouble scraping up the two bucks for the license.

And this despite a number of years of gainful employment.

Escapade regards this as a sad situation. And suggests a classical reform:

Budget your loot.

A budget for bachelors entails many factors not encountered by the average head-of-family who claims four dependents. Among them, of course, is that discouraging income-tax bite. And there are other things.

For our purpose, let's take a young man of twenty-five, a reasonably bright young man of twenty-five, who for the first time has hit an income bracket of around five grand, which is approximately the national norm. And let's assume he figures on getting married in about five years, barring accident or a soul-shaking meeting with an almost-forgotten high school flame who has improved with the years.

His take-home pay is the important thing, as that's what he's got to spend (or save) and we'll assume that he gets past Uncle Sam and his soverign state with four thousand a year, or $333.33 a month, or $166.66 the first and fifteenth, or $76.92 a week.

Five bar tabs a week of $15 each leave him exactly $1.92 cents for cigarettes. No food. No clothes. No car payment. No gasoline. No corsages. No rent.

No Defense Bonds.

It's a way of life. But not a very satisfactory one.

Even if he stays out of saloons *three* nights a week, he hasn't improved his situation much.

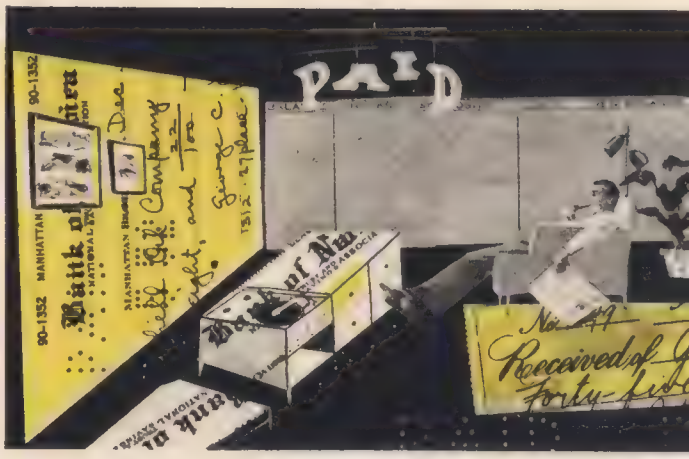
The change must be drastic. But it isn't so bad. The big thing is, make a budget and *stick* to it. We're all familiar with the type who lives reasonably methodically for twenty-nine days, and goes out on the thirtieth and blows everything in the piggy bank. This won't get him —or you—anywhere.

In setting up this budget, we'll assume several things that may not be true in all cases. For example, we'll assume that our budgeteer has already made a down payment on a car, and has only to worry about the payments.

Here we go.

In most localities, comfortable and attractive bachelor quarters may be rented for $65-$80 a month. We'll settle for $75 in this case. This should include kitchen and eating utensils, and utilities are probably paid by the landlord. Often, there is an automatic washing machine available for use of tenants, and generally there is some sort of maid service.

Eating at home is a real money saver, and with modern semi-prepared foods cooking is simple. Even taking into consideration a number of meals out, our



bachelor should be able to get by on a total monthly food budget of around $75, particularly if he likes hamburger.

Now that we've got him eating and sleeping and working, we're half-way home. We're now spending $150 a month, give or take a little.

That car he's made a down payment on requires $50 a month to keep the bank happy, and another $30 a month for gas, oil and maintenance. A total of $80. Now we've got him working, eating, sleeping and transported. All for $230 a month. A hundred to go.

Our bachelor, being young and eager, likes to get around, and he needs clothes. Let's buy him $30 worth every month, including maintenance of the ones he's got. Now he's housed, fed, transported and clothed—for $260 a month!

Our bachelor smokes two packs of cigarets a day, maybe a few more. Let's say he needs (and needs is the word here) 50 cents a day, or $15 a month to support his habit. Now we're up to $275 a month.

Our bachelor also likes a drink, preferably with friends. Count on a fifth a week and a dozen bottles of beer. Say $30 a month.

Now we've got him housed, fed, transported, clothed, smoking and on the way to being loaded, all for $305 a month. This leaves him around $25 for:

Defense Bonds, corsages, dinner dates, trips to Bermuda, shaving soap, doctor bills, long-distance phone calls, birthday presents, Christmas gifts, Easter eggs, Mother's Day remembrances, crap games, insurance, Big Game tickets, phonograph records, Dufy prints, mambo lessons, bar tabs, country club membership and green fees (and caddy-cart rental), skin-diving equipment, blondes, brunettes, redheads, movies, TV sets, sun glasses and skin lotion.

And incidentals.

See how easy it is when you live on a budget?

IT COMES INEVITABLY TO EVERY LIVING THING: THE MOMENT
SOY
Y
SOMBRA

WHEN HE MUST FACE THE TRUTH

by ELLSWORTH CHUMM

It should have been a night for celebration and relaxation. Apprehensive Juan Cienega had returned to Mexico City after a successful program of exhibitions in the provinces. Up and down Avenida Juarez crowds reflected the excitement which bubbled in him like an artesian well. The excitement made him tense when he should have sought pleasures.

Other matadors were seeking things foreign to the *plaza de toros*. Juan could see some of them now walking on the street in the late afternoon sun. He felt sympathy for them in their pursuits of women, numbers, manzanilla. Matadors were always looking for something.

Juan was lean as a poet, with a smooth face of classic outline, an even nose and a hair-line mustache. He was handsome with his swarthy skin and rhythmic method of gliding across a floor, as if intending to cat up on something.

Other matadors sought the specific in upper rooms, or worry- and fear-erasing unconsciousness in bottles, or ways to dodge relatives, or methods to promote publicity, or bulls that were easy. Juan Cienega sought truth.

The night before the big fight in the District Federal, after a chain of small ones in the provinces, Juan sat in the *Taza de Oro*. The *gachis* about the place swarmed around him right away when he entered to eat. They would do that for any matador, Cienega thought, not only old Juanito. Juan didn't want any women tonight. Seldom before a

(Continued on next page)

fight. Especially tarts. He had his own girl back in Cuernavaca, *ay de mio,* he hoped she was back there and didn't follow him to Mexico the way she did all the way to Monterrey one time. As well equipped as bull fighters are, the women came free. You got to be in the mood for fun, though.

Sometimes. Sending them away with a wave of his hand, Juan proceeded to nibble at a filet. He felt electricity in the air, and it made his tender stomach quiver. It ought to have given him the old surge. It didn't. His stomach was queasy. By sipping quickly at the wine, he sought to quiet it. It was always like that before the climax fight in Mexico City.

It was quiet in the *Taza de Oro*—too quiet for a night before the bulls; in quiet there is danger.

Juan recognized one of the men in the *Taza de Oro.* He was a *jornalero,* a has-been, and Cienega shuddered inwardly, thinking that he might sometime also become a day laborer with the bulls. "With every bull, maybe I get closer to it," he thought. Maybe that was part of the explanation.

Cienega saw José Hernandez enter the door into the dimming light of the cafe and watched him cautionsly examine the room's contents and patrons with shifty black eyes that lighted on Juan, who felt comradeship with the wide-grinned parasite. He knew why José was coming. José shrugged and walked over to join Juan. Uninvited, the *vividor* sat down. "Hello, maestro," he said with his cheerful grin that indicated he was ready for Cienega to buy. The frog-like mouth split in two to expose bright gold teeth under wide brown lips.

"Hello, Froggie," Cienega mumbled motioning to the gaily-painted chair. "Sit down—now that you are sitting."

Helping himself to Juan's guacamole salad, the chiseler observed, "Eating alone? Not for you. You will grow stale, maestro. Alone you deprive the girls. You shouldn't eat alone."

"I'm not."

"Now you're not."

"I want to be alone, Froggie. I like to be alone. Alone I can think."

"What you think?"

"Things."

"Things like what?"

"Life."

"Life is only the bulls. The bulls are easy for you, maestro. The bulls are easy. You should not concern yourself about the bulls tomorrow."

"I concern myself if I get *cogida.*"

"You won't get gored. You are the greatest since Belmonte. You won't get tossed. You got a charmed life. Everything easy. Forget *cogida.*"

"Maybe." Juan Cienega took the final bite of steak and waved to the waiter for coffee. He pulled a paper package from inside his coat, ceremoniously removed a brown cigarette, struck a waxed match, resembling a tiny candle, against the box. Through the blue haze he observed the ritual of the coffee. When the thick black liquid was poured, he unwrapped three cubes, lining them up in a row before the saucer, and with studied care dropped them slowly one at a time into the strong aromatic solution, watching them sink.

"José, I like to think about the *why* of things."

"Por que?"

"Because. Such as why did we come into this troubled world?"

"Why?" the *vividor* asked. "That's easy. Because your parents . . ."

"I did not mean that. I did not mean that vulgarism." Juan nodded to the waiter. "Give me another." Juan had intended to hand the paper pack to José, remembered he was giving Froggie enough, and picked it up from the table and slipped it back in his pocket. Similarly, he specified only one drink. The man poured the matador a thimble of brandy. "I mean the reason for life. Why are we here?"

"Ay! So now you become a philosopher."

Juan scowled and blew rings toward the ceiling.

"A philosopher. 'Matador' not good enough. 'Great lover of Conchita' insufficient. 'Philosopher'." José sneered, contemptuous of the unknown and incomprehensible. "Well, professor, we came here to fight bulls. Professor Señor Bullfighter will conduct a question and answer period with a Miura bull, *mañana.*"

Juan emptied the glass. Frowning, he ordered, "Give us the bottle!" Pouring his own glass first, he hesitated, holding the bottle at an angle above the table, shrugged, then gave José Hernandez a shot.

"Can you read, José?" the matador asked.

The hanger-on gulped his brandy quickly, as if afraid Juan would take it back. The parasite dropped his eyes to the floor. "Not words, maestro, you know." He scanned the room for something to change the subject. "But I know numbers!"

"Well, I've read a little. Poetry. Stuff like that. It sets me to wondering. Why are we born? Why do we die? For what purpose are we to live? To kill bulls? To love women? To drink? I need an explanation for these things."

"Entonces, Juan Cienega, maestro. Then I shall excuse myself. I cannot answer those questions. You put them too hard. I can't answer what I don't understand. Why don't you see Professor de la Hoz? He can answer. I myself do not even know the answer to the question, 'Where is my next meal coming from?' "

José arose, grinning at his own little joke.

"Stay, José. Stick around, Frog. That professor gets me as confused as Padre Gutierrez. And I think you know the answer to your meal query. Stay here and get educated. Let me quote you something. *'You know how little while we have to stay, And once departed, may return no more'."*

"Yes?" the *vividor* inquired, puzzled. He was nervous. He looked wildly around the room to see if he knew anyone. Juan felt slightly superior at the ignorant embarrassment of his companion and pressed forward against it.

The puzzled José raised his black eyebrows, ran a hand through his long shiny hair combed back into an imitation pigtail affecting a matador. "First a philosopher. Now a poet. I'd rather talk realities with a house woman. Professor-Poet-Philosopher, you all right?"

Juan smoothed his mustache and squared his broad shoulders. He noticed the women looking at him. He lifted the bottle again, pointing with its top tipped slightly toward the *jornalero* now getting along very well with the *gachi.* "Take a look at that. That *torerito.* Once he wanted to be a great one. Greatness comes to but few. It missed him. It missed the little fighter. It missed and his dreams shattered on the end of a horn. I know him. It missed him when he got tossed in Cuernavaca. The *cornada* left him cautious. What became of his vision? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

(*Continued on Page* 23)

A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF A NON-TYPICAL SECRETARY

nine-to-five

She asked for work when she applied for the job. The ad said: "Wanted: Secretary, young attractive; typing and dictation, general office routine; good salary, vacations with pay; opportunity for advancement."

Hah!

Want to know how young, attractive secretaries *really* spend the hours from nine to five?

Cast your eyes on these pictures. Here's the *real* "office routine." And the "opportunity for advancement" is excellent. Depends on where she wants to *advance* to.

This is work?

Here's how it goes: Nine to ten, get comfortable; ten to eleven, coffee break; eleven to twelve (noon, that is), apply makeup; twelve to two, lunch; two to three, louse up the files; three to four, munch; four to five, spruce up for that cocktail date.

That's a typical day in the life of a secretary. Not a day in the life of a *typical* secretary, perhaps, but a typical day in the life of a *non*-typical secretary.

Girls who follow this line of endeavor are referred to as "career girls," as opposed to housewives and mistresses. Unlike housewives and mistresses, they pay income tax and become eligible for social security at sixty-five.

But the smartest and best-looking secretaries achieve security, social and otherwise, long before they reach sixty-five. Particularly if their boss is understanding and sympathetic — and lots of bosses are.

Which is something for the career *man* to consider.

The career man should be nice to the career girl. The reason is simple: an amazing number of career girls become the boss' wife — or mistress — and wind up with a share of the business. In such an event, the career man is fortunate if he meets with her approval. If she likes him, *he* may be eligible for social security at sixty-five. If she doesn't, he's apt to wind up in a soup line.

"Dear Sir: In response to your advertisement..."

WATCH THE FJORDS GO BY

humor by DOCTOR MARTIN L. KLEIN

During the war, incredibly enough, I was attached to the OSS. We always said OSS stood for Only Sober Sunday after we heard the infantry decided an LST was a Large, Slow Target. This was sort of a little joke among us. Almost too little. The first job they gave me involved being flown over Sweden and something went wrong, because there was a burst of flak and the plane bounced once or twice. I looked out of the window and saw a man parachuting down beside the plane. He looked at me and said, "Care to join me?"

"No, thanks," I said, after about a half-second of thought.

"Well, suit yourself," he said. "I'm the pilot."

What he said struck me so funny I laughed all the way down to the ground because in ten seconds I had put on a parachute, unfastened the hatch, and jumped into some ten thousand feet of air.

I landed in one of the countless fjords, safe and unsound as when I started, but my respect for the parachute went up immensely. In fact, I've never been without one since even though there is a certain inconvenience in edging up a row of seats in a crowded, darkened theater.

Now as you may or may not know, the airlines of the United States have an insidious *entente* which leads to providing air passage without parachutes. The theory here is that an eighty-year-old lady or an eight-year-old boy would probably manage better riding it out with the pilot. The only thing that bothers me is that, when they lock the little door to the pilot's compartment, how do you know he's going to ride it out with you? I know that my pilot ended up with the commercial airliners and I can still see him drifting by.

So what I do is provide my own parachute. That's what I do. That's what you should do. In the event you are an airline passenger and decide to get sensible about the thing and carry your own, I want to give you a few tips on how to manage things from the moment you get into the plane to the moment you get out, one way or another.

It's only fair to say that when you step up to the portable stairs with the chute hanging on your back, a certain amount of confusion is created. It never fails. The hostess runs over to the pilot, who is standing there looking like a man-of-distinction and there is a hurried, whispered conversation. She comes walking back, smiling, casual, and says, "May I check that piece of baggage for you?" I smile a "No," and say, "This is my knapsack. I always keep it with me." She then walks back toward the pilot. At this point, before they get nasty about it, run into the plane. Now when I say "run," be careful. The first time I tried this technique, the ripcord caught on some damned appendage to the door and the contents of the knapsack spilled all over the portable stairs. All eighty yards of it. The parachute, I mean. If this should happen, forget it. Don't try and stuff the thing together again. For some reason it just doesn't all fit back in and no matter how hard you stamp on the thing, it looks a mess. I'm told they don't work so well after a do-it-yourself parachute packing job. Obviously, I was not told this by someone who had tried to roll-his-own. Let's just say it was told me by an observer.

Ordinarily, however, this doesn't happen and you can get to a seat without any difficulty. Of course, sitting on the knapsack raises you somewhat over the heads of the other passengers, and in no time at all they notice it. A slow but gradually increasing hubhub passes through the plane as the passengers (I do not use fellow travelers for obvious reasons) notice the shoulder straps and put two and two together to get—to get—, well, they catch on. In less time than it takes to tell, one of the men edges up to you and out of the side of his mouth says, "You know something, Bud?" This is a delicate situation and I use a little joke and simply say, "Sure. Which race?" At about this time, the stewardess will be standing in the door looking around for you. Crouch over. Usually it won't do any good and she comes walking up with the perpetual smile. This is a point at which the greatest diplomacy must be used. In my case I try to be calm and somehow it always works out the same way. She ends up calling me a "no-good s. o. b.," but with a smile. I smile back and make constant reference to her "other occupation," "What do you charge friends?" and by this time the plane is on its way.

Ordinarily, nothing will go wrong and you'll arrive none the worse for wear. However, sooner or later that time is going to come when you're going to see the pilot drift by. When that happens, while the other fools are "FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT"-ing and "NO SMOKING," you just get up, open the hatch and go, man. The nice thing about all of this is you don't have to wait for women and children to go first. They won't.

who said women and children first?

The Good

Wort

THE BEERS AND ALES *gulped by guests at Bruegel's "Wedding Dance" undoubtedly contributed their traditional congeniality to the occasion, but they were scarcely comparable to the highly developed brews of today.*

Now, the finest beers are brewed from malted barley, hops and water wort, *which is fermented into the completed beverage by pedigreed strains of brewer's yeast. Some brewers also use rice grain with excellent results, but whatever the basic ingredients they must be of the highest quality if the careful processing is to result in the prized premium beers and ales.*

It takes about eight months to brew a top-quality beer, and there are men who can drink a twenty-four-bottle case of it in a couple of hours.

Beer goes exceptionally well with cheeses, sausages, cold meats and salty fish, and in this golden time of the year, the accepted Brown October Ale is quaffed the wide world over and is now, as always, a prime favorite of college students, servicemen, family-type burghers and a certain type of woman who is generally overweight.

Ales and beer are the beverages of mellow companionship, whereas spirituous liquors generally involve more highly sparked and brittle festivities. Young men everywhere still find pleasure in hours of weighty discussion on manners and mores, *to which constant sips of beer add validity and authority.*

However, there is a myth afloat that it is difficult to become intoxicated on beer. Don't you believe it! Police records disclose that ninety per cent of drivers arrested as drunk solemnly assert, for the record: "All I had to drink tonight was a couple of beers!"

"Today we sacrifice a virgin to the gods!"

SOL Y SOMBRA (*Continued from Page* 16)

José turned away to hide his face from Juan. He shifted his chair to allow his gaze to observe the strategy and tactics of the women in the cafe. With his head turned, he asked, "You all right, maestro? You sure you all right? You sound funny. I think you better go upstairs. Josefina has got something for that."

"I'm all right." Juan lifted a brown and cream and freckled orchid from the vase in the center by the candle. "I'm all right. Just *inquieto* and I hope Conchita ain't here." He examined the flower minutely, studying carefully its colors and fragile pistil and stamen. "You nervous, too? I feel it in the air. Something peculiar. I hope I'm okay tomorrow. I hope I get a *racha*. I need the luck. *Quien sabe?* Maybe I'll draw *hueso*. Maybe *fiera*. Tough or wild. Every matador comes to them sooner or later. Manuel Granero. Joselito."

José turned around quickly to look at Juan. The frog-faced one made the sign of the cross, beat his breast three times and kissed his thumb. "Don't talk that way, maestro. You be all right in there tomorrow."

Juan sipped another glass. His face felt dry and drawn as if the blood were draining from it and making him paler. He fingered the little orchid. "Froggie, if I could understand exactly what the little flower is, what it is, and why it's here, I could find the explanation. I would know what life is."

"Excuse me, maestro. I don't feel like philosophy tonight. Poetry, either. I'd rather have some of the cure-all." José arose, tossed a wave toward Cienega, and said over his shoulder as he headed for the stairs that led to little rooms, upstairs, "Go with God."

It was all right next day for the *corrida de toros*. The sun, so bright it dazzled the eyes at siesta, was slanting now to bisect the plaza into *sol y sombra* and was not so dazzling that it subdued the yelling turmoil in the sunny section. The shady seats were somber. They would liven later to wave handkerchiefs, whistle, shout, throw roses, money, seats, lace panties and *cerveza* bottles. Right now they were somber, as befitted the aristocrats sitting there in the *sombra*.

Juan Cienega stood near the ring, his wide shoulders making his *traje de luces* shimmer. He wiped his palms on a kerchief, then rubbed it across his brow. He was conscious of the girls in the front row *barreras* and their exclamations, made loud enough for him to hear, about his height, his mustache, his wide shoulders, the bold seriousness of his expression. There was an invitation or two from the girls. There always was. Juan tried to pretend he didn't hear, but sometimes he remembered the addresses afterward. He enjoyed standing here absorbing the ammonia smells, the murmuring sounds, the exciting feelings of the ancient ceremony of the bulls. He could hear the shouts, the roars, the laughter and the occasional *"ole!"* He felt calm outwardly, but inside his blood coursed swiftly the way it does in the actual fight. He drew in great deep breaths to calm his insides, wiped more sweat, and glanced about to see if his *cuadrilla* was available. His team of six, dressed in uniforms less glamorous than his suit of lights, lounged about, chatting. They were as shallow as Froggie, he thought. They don't care, either.

The shouting rose to a shrill crescendo to indicate that the third of the combat was ended. He drew another deep breath and wiped his hands and face. He had already made his peace in the chapel and he tried to think of a comforting verse, scripture or a poetic line. All he could recall was some more of Omar. *"The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon Turns — or it prospers . . . "*

He saw the brown ring in sunlight and shadow and the matador ahead of him bowing to the plaudits of the crowd. He heard the jingle of the mule harness as the animals trotted out to retrieve the dead bull. The workers ran out with sand to cover the blood and smooth the rippled surface of the brown expanse.

Juan Cienega stepped out as soon as the mules plowed by, and a flurry of applause greeted him—not as loud as it should be, Juan reflected—but then he had been in the provinces and they hadn't seen him in Mexico City since last season. One of his *cuadrilla* ran up to his place ready for the opening of the red *toril* door. As soon as it did open, a gigantic black bull snorted out with jet propulsion.

He's got plenty, Juan realized. *He's hot stuff. He's on the prowl. Plenty of gas.*

The *banderillero* shook his cape and called, "Toro. Huh! Toro! The bull saw him and made a lunge. The helper ran zigzagging across the brown, the bull pressing him, hooking to the right at the cape. Juan noted the tendency.

Cienega stepped into the center of the ring, conscious of the eyes upon him, cape close to him. He watched the bull with sharp black matador's eyes frowning into the bright light. He called, "Toro! Huh! Huh!" The black hulk spun around. It pawed the ground and charged. Juan let him hit the cape before he pivoted. It was close, but the hook didn't come.

When the bull turned at the end of his run, Juan confronted him in the same manner. The cape close, Juan stood tall and ready, his shiverings inside gone in the tenseness of the combat, his face now redder as blood washed away the whiteness.

Toro swished past like a puffing mountain locomotive and this time he hooked to the right, abortively gouging air with one point and careless shimmering cloth with the other. He turned shorter this time, paused less before the next express charge. He hooked and Cienega barely scraped away, pivoting on his *zapatillas*.

He's got plenty. He's trying hard for me. That point! It's no good if he hooks. Let him hook. No. I don't mean that. I hope he doesn't hook.

The bull whooshed by so close that he almost knocked Juan off his gracefully balanced pivot. Juan's skill this time brought the *"oles!"* And he was glad inside, squaring his shoulders and standing like a soldier. Like a gladiator, he thought, for this was truly the Roman lists. Spectacle of mortality.

How like life this is, thought Juan, and how useless, like life, to end in the finality of death to one and sometime both. And if toro wins, he loses, for he cannot leave the ring alive, and if I win, it is transient glory and some day I will become as the *torerito* in the cafe. Thus it is in all sport: the athlete should die young, before his glory fades. Tasting dregs.

Shaking his cape, Juan urged the black wild one to make another pass. It hesitated, pawed, then hurtled down on the man and began to hook early. The crowd cautioned: *"Cuidado!"* Juan was ahead of them, cautious; his black eyes caught the brutal point's jab in time to turn beyond the stabbing horn. The *aficionados* praised.

The classic formula ran on to the trumpet and pageantry and ceremony. *Picadors* slowed the gallant bull with their blunt brutal lances and the *banderilleros* made him heavy with their bright barbs. Then it was up to the maestro.

After some graceful *veronicas* in the final third, Juan obtained his *muleta* and felt that the heavy one would

(*Continued on Page* 27)

humor by JAMES H. PURKS III

COUNTRY BODYGUARD

(This hilarious tale of a country boy and girl in the big city was written by University of North Carolina sophomore James H Purks III, who becomes the first winner of a $100 cash prize in Escapade's Creative Writing Contest for Collegians and is eligible for the $500 Grand Award. Contest entries will be accepted through November.)

these bumpkins made the city slickers look silly

Pa told sister Lucy he'd consent to her going. Ma protested right much at first, but it didn't do no good 'cause Pa had made up his mind. I crouched behind the door and listened to them arguing away.

"She ain't going to live here forever, Ma! She's going to git married some day, you know that. Let her git away from the farm fer a spell. Let her see what the rest of the world is like."

"Dang, all right, Sam. Let her go and visit Uncle William," Ma moaned, raising her hands like she was going to pray for rain or something.

"I knowed you'd come around, Ma. Good girl." Pa gave her a slap on the fanny. "Lucy! Come out hyar. Your Ma and Pa got something to tell ya!"

"New York. Them city slickers will get her virtue for shore, I know they will. She'll be a ruint woman," Ma muttered to herself.

"Hush, Ma, here she comes." Pa puffed up real important-like, as he always does when he's got something important to tell us.

"Yes, Pa?" Lucy came in on a dead run. She was wearing blue jeans and one of my old shirts which was right too much big for her, except in one place. I could see enough through the keyhole to tell me she was temptation enough fer any city slicker.

"Got hyar kinda quick, didn't ya, hon?" Pa said. "Wouldn't be anxious to know something, would ya?"

"Pa! Ma said I could go!" Lucy didn't have to be told. She hugged and squeezed Pa like he'd returned from the wars. Ma held her off with a frying pan. "Gosh, I'm so happy! When are we leaving Pa, *when?*"

"Late tomorry, but just what do you mean, 'we'? Just you is going."

"What about Jim, Pa? I thought he was going. I know he wants to. Wants to see that city more than anything. Break his heart not to go." Lucy looked at Pa with those big blue eyes of hers. I was 'bout to bust the door down, but thought better. Lucy would have a better chance of swinging Pa than me.

"She's right, Pa. Jim shore wants to go. And I think he should, fer Lucy's sake as well as his. You done heard tales about innocent girls in the big city. Those yankee city slickers gets them. Jim's a big boy, ain't nobody going to fool with Lucy while he's around."

Pa's a good-hearted feller, I knowed he couldn't hold them both off. He didn't, neither.

"All right, then. I won't be needing him fer a couple weeks yet. But he's to git back hyar in time for plowing."

I was leaning too hard against the door by that time. It didn't hold me fer long. We both went crashing into the next room.

Pa and Ma just plain howled. Kinda embarrassed me.

"You're mighty clumsy for a bodyguard," Lucy teased. "Come on, let's start packing."

"But we ain't leaving 'til tomorrow late, Lucy." She didn't hear me, though. She'd already bounced up the stairs to her room.

I was so excited Lucy had to pack my suitcase. We didn't get a lick of sleep. After Ma and Pa went to bed, we snuck out to the living room. We talked all night about the trip and the big city. I told her right then and there I was going to look after her.

"Yes, sir, Lucy. You ain't got no cause to worry. I'll look after ya all the time. Anybody fools around with you is hankering fer a busted jaw."

She didn't pay much atention to me. Acted like she didn't want protection.

"I guess you're safe, Jim," she answered, "I haven't ever heard any tales about city women getting country boys. Must be just us girls who have to be careful."

We boarded the train late the next afternoon. Pa and Ma bawled a little at the station. Lucy and me were too excited. We just grinned.

Lucy acted like she hadn't done no talking the other night. Women are like that though. She started chattering away as soon as we sat down.

"Think we'll see any movie stars, Jim?"

"I don't 'spect so. They ain't in New York. Stay somewhere in California. We'll get to see all those skyscrapers and subways, though."

"Yeah," Lucy yawned. She lost interest, slumped down and closed her eyes.

I was purty sleepy myself. I made sure there weren't any menfolks around to bother Lucy first. A couple of fellers ambled by. They looked at Lucy right pleasantly. Then they looked at me. I stared back. They shuffled on down the aisle.

The next thing I knew, somebody was hollering "Washington!" in my ear. I jumped up right quick. Lucy wasn't sitting beside me anymore. I was 'bout ready to starting hunting for her when I saw her coming down the aisle.

"Where you been? I was 'bout ready to come looking for you."

"Just went to put on a fresh dress. No need to get riled up. Nobody ben bothering me."

I hadn't noticed her new dress till then. She had on some fancy silk stockings and red shoes which went with the flashiest red attire I'd ever seen.

"Well, you ain't going to make my job easier, wearing those fancy things. They're nice though. You look right purty, Lucy."

"Why, thank you, Jim." She looked right pleased with herself. "Now it's time for you to get dressed up. Now go on in the mens' dressing room and put on your new suit."

"What fer? We ain't going to any party, are we? I don't see why I have to fix up. Can't stand to wear them kind of clothes."

"Doesn't make any difference. You ought to look nice for your Uncle William. Now, hurry up. We'll be there by the time you get finished."

I felt like a dressed-up fool when we got off at the station. We didn't know which way to go. So we just stood on the platform. Uncle William spotted us after awhile. I can't remember clearly what happened then. We kept bumping and running into folks. I couldn't see thar was so many people. But Uncle William got us through. Pretty soon he was driving us home in one of those Cadillacs I done heard so much about. I didn't see anything so special about it.

(Continued on Page 62)

not the most reputable profession, but with a product in demand

"Sit down Donna . . . This is my favorite table, I'm sort of a wheel around here — you must read the columns . . . Yeah, that's right — Winchell's of two Thursdays ago . . . With Kim — You know something kid? . . . You not only got looks, you have a head on your shoulders . . . This the first time you've been here — you're somebody and I'm not handing you a line. You must have read about this place . . . You did, eh! . . . Back home in Kentucky . . . Bet your parents would scream if they saw you here now with me . . . They don't care for you? . . . That's not a nice thing to say about your mother and father . . . All the girls I know, like you, who come to New York, come with big troubles on their minds, but let's not talk about that — Hey, Joe! A bottle of Piper Heidsieck, brut, very dry, for the young lady and I . . . That's champagne — hey, you are a hick . . . You never tried it before? . . . How did you know it tickles your nose? Em? . . . In the movies, what movie? . . . I was out on the Coast when they shot that one . . . I even saw them shoot part of it . . . Him? . . . Are you kidding? . . . You got a kick for him? . . . He's as queer as a three dollar bill.

Hey, look who just came in! . . . That's Tony Braccere, he's a big man now — he's starring on Broadway in a hit play . . . See, he's coming over here . . . Tony, I would like you to meet a dear friend of mine, Donna from Louisville, Kentucky . . .

(*Continued on Page* 39)

WHAT I DO FOR A LIVING

by JOEL M. REED

SOL Y SOMBRA (*Continued from Page 23*)

eat from his hand. Boldly he stood erect and executed the difficult *molineta*. The red cloth wound around his body as he turned the circle. Juan pleased the crowd. He's all right, Juan concluded. He's okay. He's had plenty of fight now. He's hurting. He's tired out, but he still wants to get me.

Juan was ready with the business of the sword. Made dull with lowered head, the bull watched the thing that was Juan with hate of all things man, Cienega thought. Juan shook the cloth and a flash of realization that he was temptation to the bull crossed his mind. The bull began his fatal run. All right. Come and get it. You've earned it. Get it quick.

Juan went in over the shoulders and the blade sank deep. Hilt and hand were bloody. Juan watched the brave one go down.

"I regret this, *amigo,*" Juan said to the dying animal. "Without you, I could not live. It is life — and death. You were made for this moment. You died gloriously. The pageant surrounded you. And you will serve as food for the poor. When your brother gores me, I will be only dust."

Proudly Juan received the ear and from corners of his eyes he observed José Hernandez dashing about over the brown sand retrieving coins, roses and lace panties tossed by the admiring multitude. He retired for a quick cigarette and to clean the blood off himself.

"You were all right in there," José announced proudly, his frog-face grinning with admiration. "You gave him plenty and gave them plenty." He indicated the crowd with a careless sweep of his hands.

Smiling, although fatigued, Juan nodded. He felt calmer inside now that half the work was done. "Thanks, José, old Frog. We get much loot?"

José grinned and jingled coins in his pocket. "Not much, maestro."

The final bull did not hook when the *banderillero,* trailing a cape, ran across the arena. Juan noticed that he also played it straight through the *veronicas* and a *natural.*

Then the *picadors* set him up, and next the sticks were placed skillfully. The bull behaved normally.

He looks okay. No pig here. He's all right.

While Juan's team did the preliminaries, he returned to his search for the meaning of life. What is it? Why am I here? If I were not here, would I be the bull or a fan? Are all brought together for only one purpose? Death? To gain a preview of our own ends? And what is the feeling when the bull or the man steps across the thin threshold dividing *being* from *not being?* End?

The trumpet blew to signal the end of the second third of the ceremony. Juan tried the jet one with an easy verónica. It went all right. Juan drew in deeply of the thin air, seeming not to get enough in his lungs, and prepared for the next pass. He wasn't bothered by this one.

But what if something slipped? I'd get my explanation then!

Juan tried a *recorte* and snatched the cape away from the bull so suddenly that it turned on itself. Juan could hear the crowd approve. Next he executed a *natural;* bull and crowd dined from his palm.

The animal's head lowered and soon it was time. Juan took sword and *muleta* and prepared the bull. He didn't think about any trouble. Yet he had to think about it to some extent. There's always something. This was old stuff. He'd given many of them the sword. He felt that he was having a *racha* this afternoon, and he was pleased to have the run of luck in the capital.

He watched the lowered head and the slobber and the dripping from the *banderillas.* The bull was ready for truth. *He'll get it. He'll know it in a minute. Perhaps the moment of truth is beyond us because it is the truth.*

Juan assumed his stance with sword stiffly forward, his legs together, shoulders back, his body ready. The bull ran for the truth. Juan watched him running with its tired head and red eyes. The hulk of animal hurtled down the sands for his moment and found the point of truth between his shoulders swiftly slicing and plunging. The bull swiftly hooked to the right to dislodge the thing and caught Juan's abdomen.

Deep, Juan thought, sticking, sting-

"Please play some dinner music!"

himself lifted, legs stiffly apart, his ing, crushing, stabbing him. Juan felt cap swirling, his cape swishing momentarily horizontal, then falling as the bull fell. The pair thudded and lay crumpled and bleeding. The arena swirled and its sound roared loudly, then softly.

José Hernandez ran faster than the picadors to Cienega. He pulled Juan from the horn and helped the others carry the prostrate matador into the surgery.

He stayed while the doctors worked. When they had finished cutting away clothes and swabbing the wound, they shook their heads sadly. One of them held a bottle under Juan's nose. Another laid out instruments.

They performed their jobs smoothly. They sewed up the perforated intestine, sprinkled sulfanilamide in the cavity and stitched the maestro up neatly with even rows of eight red fibers. Then they covered him with a sheet and warm blanket.

José watched it all with big eyes and wide mouth. He was not surprised to see a demure girl slip in quietly. Her golden skin shone beneath the floodlights and her smooth black hair glistened. "Is he going to be all right, José?"

"I don't know, Conchita. Ask them."

She turned to the surgeons now putting away their equipment. The lean one said, "Sure. He'll be okay eventually. Won't fight again. May walk with a limp. You'll have to treat him extra good."

After an hour, Juan aroused. With wild eyes he looked about the room. He recognized José and Conchita and settled back, relaxing. "Well, *amigos!*" he gasped. His eyes closed and his face writhed in pain. He wanted to bend over to ease the clamor at his abdomen. His head was swirly again. He was sick. "I found the explanation."

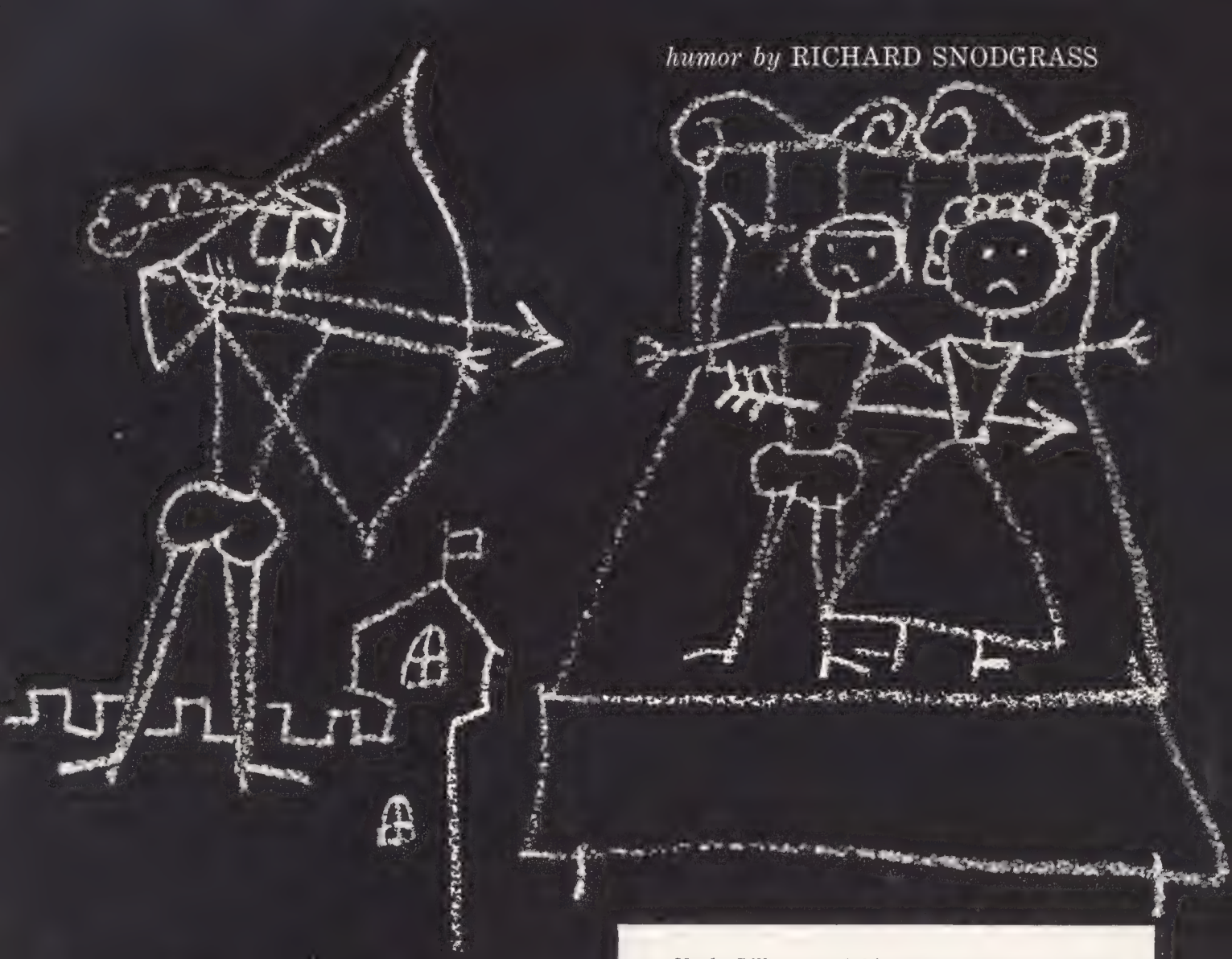
"What you mean, maestro?" Conchita asked.

José shrugged his shoulders and looked out the window.

Juan tried desperately to put his hands on his abdomen and to rise. The clamor was fierce. The straps held him. He could not reach the wound. "I found my moment of truth!"

A doctor approached with syringe and jabbed morphine into Juan's muscular arm. José stood, hat in hand, eyebrows lifted, puzzling to comprehend. Conchita kissed Juan and whispered something in his ear. The drowsy matador managed a smile.

humor by RICHARD SNODGRASS



and the weakling prince lived happily ever after

38th BEDTIME STORY

Uncle Billy opened his eyes and saw the green, praying hands in his lap: fingers and thumbs, thumbs and fingers. This little piggy went to San Francisco, these little piggies stayed home. These little piggies had some, this little piggy had none. And this little piggy laughed and laughed and knew what to do when he went home. Tonight.

"Another," he said, not looking up from his hands.

"Same?" the bartender asked.

"Never change hor—" But that flashed an image, so he listened to the bottle cap drop in bottle caps, remembering bottle caps. Swapping hundreds with good old Harry.

"There you go, mate," the bartender said, putting a bottle and glass on the table.

"Ever swap caps?" Uncle Billy asked.

"How's that?"

"Bottle caps." He unfolded his hands, looked up. "Beer, pop, vinegar. All kinds. Swap them with your big brother?"

"Thirty-five cents, mate," the bartender said.

"Didn't?" He fumbled in his jacket, threw a coin on the table. "Keep it."

"That's a nickel."

"Is?" He laughed to himself.

The bartender motioned impatiently. "I'm closing."

"How soon?"

"Twenty, twenty-five minutes, you're done or not."

Here I come, ready or not. All around the bedroom's caught.

Smiling to himself, Uncle Billy closed his eyes,

searched, found a half dollar. "Keep the change. You know, there's too much green —"

"In here. You already told me four times."

He kept his eyes closed, listening to the bartender's feet going away. "Truth," he said, wetting his lips. "You need all kinds. Orange neon, blue neon, pink neon, yellow, purple, amber, white, brown, blood —"

"Red, you mean."

Over by the bottle caps.

"Blonde. They're both blondes. Very beautiful, very handsome."

Cash register.

One for the money, two for the show, three to get ready, and digging we will go.

He opened his eyes, slid to the end of the booth, stood, walked unsteadily to the bar. "*V.O.* What's your name?"

"O'Connor, out of *V. O.*"

"*Grand Dad*, O'Connor." He laughed to himself.

"Uh, huh."

"Pint," he said, laying his wallet on the bar. "Where'd everybody go, grand dad?"

"Leave early week nights."

He took a swig of beer, pointing to the far, nearly dark corner of the room. "They didn't."

"They never do, mate."

"Lighthearted lovers, bathed in an ethereal glow. Light-fingered neckers, trying, not succeeding, to — to go slow." He laughed until beer came in his nose, making his eyes water.

O'Connor put a sack on the bar, took a five from the wallet.

"Keep it," Uncle Billy said, taking another swig. "Writer. How come I —" Cash register. "Why, I can make deathless poetry, drunk."

"Twenty minutes I close," O'Connor said, laying the change on the bar.

"Don't believe me? Watch." He inhaled deeply. "Hickory, dickory, dock, the husband didn't leave the key in the lock. But the wife found one, and then she had fun, hickory, dickory, dock."

"Encore," the bartender said tiredly, picking up a towel and glass.

"Paddy cake, paddy cake, funeral man. Dig me a grave, fast as you can. Dig it, and smooth it, and fill it with ease. And — and cover it with grass for he and for she."

O'Connor yawned, picked up another glass. "Terrific."

"Humpty Harry lay in a bed. Humpty Harry got three pieces of lead. All the King's cops, and all the King's men, wouldn't ever, ever find Harry again."

"Great."

"Uncle Billy Beaver's Bedtimers."

"How's that?"

"Books, grand dad. Thirty-seven books. Thin, preschool, beddy-bye books. I write and illustrate — pardon." He bowed stiffly. "Thirty-seven *titles*, as we say in the trade."

"Full athat garbage?"

"No, no, no." Another swig. "For kids garbage. Swipe it from Mother Goose, Aesop, Hollywood. Any port in a deadline."

O'Connor looked at him, frowning.

"Put the wraps on thirty-seven yesterday."

"Want another, mate? Last call."

"Nice city, San Francisco. Two thousand advance in the morning, lobster in the evening. Ever been?"

"No. Want another?"

"No. Why not?"

"I came to Phoenix for the sinus," the bartender said, unfolding a white sheet and laying it over the glassware "Ain't going someplace that'll start me in again."

"Sorry." Uncle Billy said, staring at the sheet, seeing the sheet at home.

Billy had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow. And once when Billy went away, the lamb put on quite a show.

"One more before motel time?" O'Connor called to the two in the far booth. His smile was as abrupt as a wink.

They didn't hear him.

"Got back a day early," Uncle Billy said. "Saw the editor, saw the cashier, saw the lobster. Day early. Three, this morning."

"Great."

"Suppose to get back tomorrow morning, but — "

"Got back today."

Uncle Billy finished the beer. "Know what happened—" Cash register. "—because I did?"

O'Connor, counting nickels, shook his head.

"Idea for the next one."

The bartender wrote something on a pad, glanced at him "Minute I walked in the house: number thirty-eight."

"Terrific." O'Connor was counting dimes, dropping them in a dirty bank bag.

Uncle Billy made small crosses in the wet rings on the bar. "This one's different, though. Original. Classic. Be a Children's Book-of-the-Month Club selection."

"I'll be able to say I knew you when," the bartender said, starting on the quarters.

"I don't know about the ending."

Quarters dropping in the bag.

"Tell you what. I'll give you the plot, see if we can figure a windup."

The bartender nodded absently, writing on the pad.

"Once upon a time, in the Land of Saint, Louie, and Mo, there lived a king and queen."

"Name awhat?" Half dollars.

"Let's see. Beaver. King Beaver. Queen Beaver. Had two boy beavers."

"Princes."

"Right. First prince was big and strong and handsome Second prince was short and weak with a face like an anaemic dragon."

O'Connor wink-smiled, working on the ones.

"Well," Uncle Billy said, tracing Xs, "first prince always got the best of the second. When they were little princes and traded — ah — diamonds, first prince somehow always wound up with all the rocks. If the first couldn't out-trade the second, he'd slug him, pin him, take the loot anyway.

"When they were older and went to Moat High, they both went out for dragon slaying. First prince made the eleven, made all the princesses, was voted King Slayer his senior year. And even when the second prince did get a princess — a none-of-the-other-princes-want-me princess — first prince took her away. For kicks."

"Shame," O'Connor said, shoving the fives in the bag

"The twist."

"Great."

"The kingdom the two princes lived in went to war with the Rice Kingdom. First prince, big and strong and handsome, hurried and got a job in a heavy bomber kite factory. Second prince went out with a big and small bow and arrow and fought the subjects of the Rice Kingdom Got two medals."

"Eight," O'Connor said.

"Twelve."

"Twenty-four."

"Twenty-four." Uncle Billy studied the beer label for a moment. "Second prince came back from the war, went

(Continued on Page 65)

FILL MY EMPTY BED (*Continued from Page* 10)

She turned and went in the other direction. The sailors passed her in twos and threes, all of them smiling. Were she not looking for Bill, she would have smiled back. One very drunk sailor broke from his buddies' grip and lurched toward her.

"Hey there, baby, wha's . . .?" He lurched again, dangerously, and his voice was thick and clouded. "Le's you and . . ."

She sidestepped him, leaving him lying on the sidewalk, his cut and bruised face staring in disbelief after her fleeing form.

She fled along the street, opening and closing the fog as she approached and passed each group of sailors.

She saw a lone sailor, and her pulse quickened. As she drew abreast, she stopped breathing and stared so intently that she stumbled and dropped her purse. It clattered to the cement sidewalk. She looked at it, very embarrassed, as he stopped and collected the scattered contents. The darkness prevented her from seeing him well, but this might be Bill; his size and features, what she could see of them, a handsome something . . . but she was lost in a whirl.

"You dropped this," he said with a faint smile.

"Yes . . . yes, I . . . I was looking for . . ." she said faintly.

"Let me help," he said as he took her arm.

". . . a friend," she continued as they walked down the street.

"A friend looking for a friend," he said.

The night was filled with smells, smoke, the stench of the mud flats at low tide, stale alcohol, and the exhaust from automobiles. The neon lights reflected the shadows of bits of glass, cigarette ends, torn paper, and sticks and twigs in the gutter. They walked in silence, but she was conscious that he watched her rolling hips as they pressed a shape in her tight skirt. She pulled the fog around her, to protect her modesty.

He took her to Al's Place, where everyone came, he said. The waitress brought her vodka and him beer. The place assailed her, and she picked out the various odors of tobacco smoke, the disinfectant of the rest rooms, and the sour, hateful smell of an unwashed bar rag. She drew back from that last smell.

"What do they call you?" he asked.

"Peg . . . and you?"

"William. Usually Willie."

She drank her vodka rapidly and ordered another. William, Willie, maybe even Bill. Suddenly she realized that Bill was playing a game with her. The noise grew, and the smoke and odors increased. How tall he had grown, and his light hair had turned almost black. Perhaps he was not playing. Perhaps he had forgotten. She must be gentle and firm with him, in that case. She pulled the fog around them to protect them from all harm. She must bring him to reality.

The fog closed around them, and she felt his great hands groping clumsily around her skirt. He pawed her blouse so awkwardly that she was forced to open several buttons, to prevent damage.

She forced him upward and raised the fog so that it fell back from them. She wanted to look around the room and catch her breath. He still seemed to be playing, but she could not take that chance. She had to be gentle. The fog pressed them again. She saw swirling faces that were indistinct, and colors that moved without form. She saw Bill, and she saw his features, but not as she wished.

She felt him press her in the fog that protected them, his great hands threatening to tear the seams of her slip as he groped and pushed her skirt up. She slipped back into the corner of the dark booth.

"Good God!" she thought. "Please let me breathe." And, as if in answer to her telepathic command, he vanished, and she felt herself yanked into an upright position. Through the haze she saw white letters on blue backgrounds moving in the distance. The large SP made her angry. She pulled the fog around them, and sighed victoriously as she saw the letters move to and out the door. She had defeated them.

Bill talked to her, but she did not know of what. She was being crushed down and down . . . she could not breathe. A hot, stale beer breath passed by her face again and again.

Her head cleared slightly, and she realized that she was on the street. They stopped at a package store, where Bill bought vodka and beer. She remembered that he took her key, as he always did, and opened the window to chase out the oppressive heat she had left there. His arms encircled her waist as he pulled her to him.

"Please," she murmured, ". . . just one small drink first."

"Sure, honey. Anything you say . . . I've all night."

They had one drink, and he poured another and set it beside the bed. He was a gentleman again, for he folded her skirt and blouse, and put them carefully on the back of the chair. He was considerate and thoughtful . . . with those little kindnesses.

She closed her eyes tightly as he pressed her close to him, and she saw Bill. She was far away, at a huge concert by a thousand players, all under her baton. A pain shot through her abdomen as a crash of brass and percussion responded to her downbeat. Her stomach twisted and contorted as the batteries of tympani and base drum continued to punch out a barbaric rhythm. She called the whole orchestra forth to a shrill climax of blaring brass, shivering strings, crashing cymbals and drums, and dropped, exhausted.

She felt the cool edge of the glass at her lips and drank deeply. She gagged and retched over the edge of the bed and on the floor.

The heat began to press around her. She wanted to rest, to sleep, but was forced to raise her baton again. She closed her eyes. Muted strings sobbed for her, a lone English horn sang for her, and it was all her symphony. A distant chorus sang, and then she suddenly heard Bill's high tenor voice in the lovely and tranquil *Poeme de l'Amour et de la Mar*. The music came to a climax, but more easily than before, more gently and smoothly.

A cool breeze swept over her, and she felt the heat leave. It cooled and calmed her. She was free to fly high and wide from the world. She was far away, flying further . . .

While he dressed he looked at the silent form as it breathed less and less heavily. He walked over to the table and placed several dollar bills on it, turned, looked about the room in the early morning light, shook his head, and replaced the several bills with a five-dollar bill. The door clicked quietly, but she was too far away to hear it.

Tomorrow she and Bill would find one another. They would begin their life then. She regained consciousness, and wanted a drink. She wanted to go to the room at the end of the hall, but her muscles ached when she tried to rise. She relaxed back, found a more comfortable position, and dreamed again.

A vile taste collected in her mouth. She gagged and spat over the edge of the bed, and then rolled back to sleep.

She had pulled the fog over her. The outline of her relaxed body drew itself gradually in sweat on the sheet, first her breasts, then her stomach, hips, legs, and arms. She smiled faintly in her sleep, as though she had found something very pleasing. She slept a deep, relaxed, and unconscious sleep.

"Don't think of it as losing a wife, but gaining a mistress."

if you are called upon to test a screen, this is the way to go about it

SCREEN TEST

Screens should be examined for (a) stability; (b) c.q. (concealment quotient); (c) esthetic merit. The screen used in *Escapade's* test appears to be adequately stable, its concealment quotient might be called provocative and, as for esthetics, these pictures are just about as attractive as any pictures of a screen we have ever seen. We recommend it as a "best buy."

Now that I've passed my first screen test,
It's time, I think, for a bit of rest

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

ESCAPADERS

"BILLY'S GOT A SWEETHEART!"
"BILLY'S GOT A SWEETHEART!"

WHAT I DO (*Continued from Page* 26)

What's the nudge for? . . . Oh! Donna's a model, she's with the Barnford Agency . . . She did a big commercial the other day — tell Tony about it kid . . . Sure, Tony, see you around — I'll bring Donna over to see your show . . . We won't order anything to eat now, Joe . . . Donna, put one of the ashtrays into your bag . . . you can send it back to Louisville; let your old girl friends eat their hearts out . . . Hey, don't guzzle that stuff down like it was milk . . . Sip it slow, sip it slow, sip it slow. That's it, slow . . .

I didn't order this bottle, Joe . . . Oh! It's from the boss . . . Tell him to stop at the table for a drink when he's free . . . Thanks, Joe — hey don't go! How's the blue-fishing out at Montauk Point? . . . Your little boy's going now, too? . . . I bet he hauled in more fish than you did . . . A striper! . . . Donna, go easy on the champagne — sip it slow, slow, that's it . . You're a doll — a living doll! . . . It's no line, I really go for you . . . We're going to be miserable together . . . What do I do for a living? — Hey look over there — that's Lady Irene Douglas . . . She's a noted socialite of the horsey set, you know . . . Hey, Irene, what's the matter? . . . Irene, meet Donna. Say hi to each other . . . No, I haven't gone riding in a while, but I'm mad about your new hunter . . . Sure! . . . Hey, did you see Peter? . . . I heard he picked up a Giorgione — he got it for practically nothing . . . I brought big John the Greek up to his gallery the other day and he bought jade like mad . . . The screens — he paid a top price for them . . . When are you and your mother moving into your new place? . . . A town house! This I didn't know . . . I'd love to do a town house . . . I got a few ideas I want to work out in abstract curves . . . It's a date — tomorrow at tea time . . . See you, Irene . . . Say goodby to Donna, Irene, and don't make with faces . . . That was a real blue-blood you were talking to, Donna . . .

Gee! You sure got a figure — and those eyes . . . I'm not kidding, you're the only girl I felt this way about in a long time . . . Linda! . . . Who told you about Linda? . . . I wish he would keep his mouth shut — it was strictly physical between me and Linda! . . . Just because he's the boss of your agency, sort of, doesn't mean he can go around putting his nose in your private affairs . . . You better stay away from him . . . Sure, he's supposed to be loaded — but he doesn't come across. You couldn't get a cent out of him . . .

Look at that heavy set fellow that just came in? . . . He's Marv Eisner, Jack Stern's leg man — I'll get your picture in the paper . . . Hey, Marv, come over and say hello to Donna! . . . Say hi to Marv, Donna . . . Marv, I got a good one on Jane Peterson . . . She posed for a stack of nudes once . . . Sure! . . . I'll send you some prints . . . Hey, hey, I got a gag for you! . . . It's about this actor, see. He gets a part in a TV show, when the director — Eddie gave it to you already? Oh! . . . Eddie's a nice guy . . . Sure I got a picture of Donna for your column . . . Say something nice about her in tomorrow's paper. Put her in an item with Tony, he won't mind . . . Hey, run over and say hello to Lady Irene. I think she's getting married soon . . . 'Bye Marv! . . . Say goodby to Marv, Donna . . .

Hey, you finished over a bottle already . . . What are you crying about? . . . It isn't so tough to live in a girl's club . . . You'll get an apartment soon . . . So you only need forty a week to live on, what's that to me? . . . Now don't cry . . . reach under the table I got something nice for you. You can buy a new dress with it — that'll make you smile . . . I can't stand a beautiful doll who cries . . . You're not obligated, not at all. Just thank God you ran into a nice guy! . . . If I wasn't looking after you, God knows how you would end up! . . . So, you're not making big money as a model. In a couple of years you'll wind up a big star . . . Lots of girls had to wait longer than that before they made it . . . I wish you'd blow that pony tail, you look like a weirdy . . . I'll send you over to a friend of mine — he's the press agent for a string of expensive beauty salons . . . It won't cost you anything . . . Here, let me pour you another glass . . . Drink it slow, slow, that's it, slow . . . I make out okay — stop worrying about what I do for a living! . . .

Hey, you really are stinko! . . . Shove over a little closer . . . That's it . . . You know what? . . . Next week, when I get the time, I'll take you up to see a friend of mine at Metro, he's a big guy up there. Maybe we can get you a screen test . . . Then I'll take you over to another pal of mine who's a famous voice coach — he'll see if you can sing . . . If he likes your voice, he'll give you lessons . . . Don't worry about paying for things — I'll take care of that . . . I'll take you over to my friend's office — he's a big press agent, one of the best in the country . . . We'll get you a lot of publicity . . . Sure, it'll break in all the Louisville papers . . . Some guy back home did you bad, eh? . . . Don't worry about that . . . it's okay, your daddy's talking now. I'm no prude, you can tell me all about it . . .

And after I get you some work on my pal's TV show — we'll see if we can't get you into a good school. Maybe the studio — why not the studio. We'll go over there and say hi to one of my friends. He's a director . . . We'll have you riding high . . . What do I do for a living . . . I get along — you are stinko! You'd better lean on my shoulder, everybody's starting to look . . . What's that, Joe? A note for me . . . Let's see! . . . Big John the Greek wants to talk to me . . . He's a shipping millionaire, you must have read about him . . . You wait here, Donna, and don't fall flat on your face — no, you had too much already . . . Will you stop asking what I do for a living! . . .

Hey there, John! I saw you eyeing the model I'm with, she's really built . . . A model . . . No, a real model! . . . Hey, when are we going to get together on the South American deal? . . . What do you mean — you don't talk business when you're lonely? . . . So you got your eyes on my blonde . . . Her name is Donna and she's from Louisville . . . Kentucky . . . No! She's a real model . . . No, I'm not in love with her — but I'm not going to pass her up. I never pass them up when they're built like Donna . . . Let's not talk about her, let's get the South American deal finalized . . . Aw, come on John, I've been promoting Donna for two weeks now . . . Sure, that South American deal means a lot of money for me — and a lot more for you . . . Come on John, be a gentleman, I put a lot of money into Donna . . .

If I fix you up with Donna is that deal in Peru set? . . . Shake on it . . . Fine! . . . You'll invite us up to your place — I'll get Barbara up there, saying she's your date — then you get next to Donna and I'll beat it with Barbara . . . You'll have it easy with Donna, she's stinko now . . . You're a good looking guy, and that apartment of yours looks like a palace . . . You

(*Continued on Page* 65)

their marriage was a mockery, and he was a weakling. .

THE INCIDENT WITH ARTHUR

fiction by HERMAN ROVNER

Neither one of them had said anything for a long time when Julie suddenly spoke.

"You're not happy," she said.

"I'm very happy," Nick replied.

"You are not happy. You have never been happy — not once in the whole three years."

"I have always been happy. I am deliriously happy."

"You don't show it," she said.

"What do you expect me to do," he asked, "dance in the streets? I'm not the demonstrative type — that's all."

"There's something eating you, Nick."

"There's nothing eating me."

He was sitting on the blue couch near the window in their living room, which also served as their bedroom when the Murphy bed was down. The couch was old and faded, as was the red and blue rug on which it stood. Julie sat in an armchair in a corner across the room, with a magazine in her lap.

He looked idly through the window, which was cracked in two places and which the landlord would replace as soon as he did not have more important repairs to make. Their two-room apartment was on the second floor, in the rear part of the building. From where he sat he could look down into the yard of their apartment house and into the yards adjoining it, and he could look across the alley into the yards and at the backs of the houses of the next street. Nearly all the fences were unpainted, with here and there a board hanging loose or broken.

In the yard directly opposite theirs, an old shabby woman was burning something. These poor slobs were always burning something. The smoke rose and drifted and presently he could smell it.

"What is it they're always burning?" he asked.

"Trash, of course."

"Why can't they put it out in the trash cans, for the street cleaners to collect?"

"I don't know. Why don't you ask them?"

"Why don't you ask them. You are the sociable one in the family."

"What's wrong in being sociable? It is better than sitting all day like a mummy."

He looked at the back walls of the houses across the alley. Some were red brick and some had been covered with a gray plaster, but all were bleak and ugly, especially now, in the hard glare of the afternoon sunshine. On one wall, beside a window, a bucket was hanging on a nail, and on another wall, also near a window, a large gray floor rag had been hung out to dry. These people had no esthetic sense whatsoever.

He thought of the select and spacious neighborhood he used to live in, before he got married. He remembered his parents' home, with its green lawn and its green grove of trees. How he used to love that lawn and those trees. When he was younger and full of ambition, when he went to college and mingled with clean, cultured people, he never imagined that someday he would wind up in such a dirty, miserable, God-forsaken hole.

The fire in the opposite yard had gone out and the woman had shuffled back into the house. From the next house, a young girl in a torn dress came out and emptied a bucket of dark slop water in the yard. Why couldn't she have emptied it in the sink or down the drain beside the house? No wonder these yards were always bare and barren, with nothing green or fragrant to relieve a little their awful uniform ugliness. He no longer could smell the smoke but he now could smell something wretched cooking. The same motion of air, he reflected, that brought him the smoke and the smell of their cooking, in all likelihood also brought him the germs of their dirty, diseased bodies and their sordid, verminous surroundings. It was depressing

"Why must you always look so glum?" Julie asked.

"I wish you wouldn't watch me so much."

"But why must you always look so forlorn?"

"Perhaps because that is the way I feel."

"I thought you said you were happy."

"I was happy before, but now I am sad, quite sad."

"You are always sad, Nick. You sit there, looking grim and saying nothing. It sometimes gives me the creeps."

"Why don't you read your trashy magazine?"

"You're always so moody, so morose, Nick. There's something eating you."

"There you go again. Let me assure you there's nothing eating me, as you so elegantly put it."

"There's something eating you," she repeated. "I can see it in your eyes."

"Don't look at my eyes. Look at my hair instead. You once said you liked the way it curled."

"There is something eating you and I know what it is."

Nick looked up quickly. "You know what it is? What is it?"

"It's been on your mind all the time. You have never forgotten it for a single moment."

He looked at her intently. Her cheeks had reddened beyond their rouged area and her breathing came hard, which tended to make her capacious bosom even more conspicuous. She was tense, but her tenseness, he observed, didn't detract anything from her physical beauty. She was a fine looking woman — that, he had to admit. She had a superbly fashioned body, which was fitting for she had, also, a great fondness for the connubial relationship.

"Suppose," he said, "you tell me what's preying on my mind."

"You know what it is, Nick. You have never forgotten. You have never mentioned it, but you have never forgotten."

"What are you talking about?"

"You know as well as I do," she said. "I'm talking about that incident with Arthur."

His face went white and when he could speak his voice was low and thick. "I never brought that up," he muttered. "and you bring it up."

"Because it has always been on your mind. Because it has always been between us."

"You dirty slut!"

"That's what you always thought I was. That's why we were never happy."

"You brazen bitch! Not once, in the three years we've been married, did I even so much as hint at it, and you have the gall to bring it up. Why did you bring it up?"

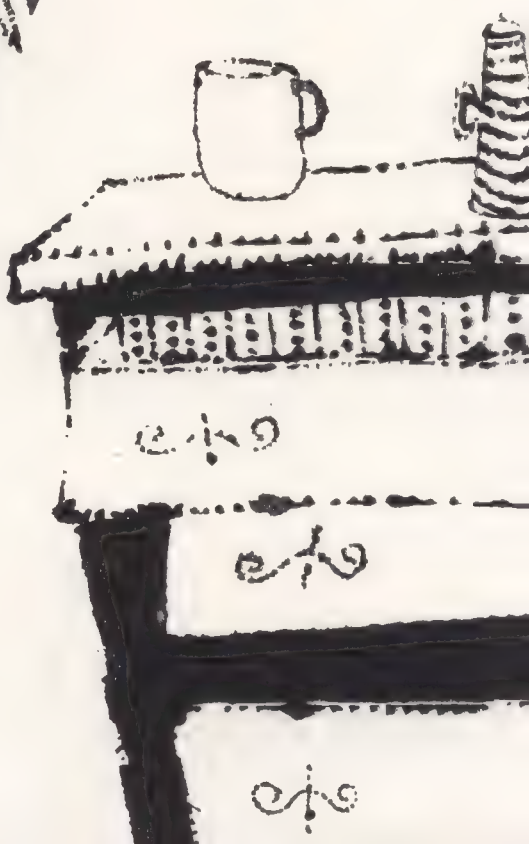
"Because you are always thinking about it, that's the reason. Oh, why did you marry me anyway? After it happened, I didn't want to marry you I told you I didn't want to marry you I told you what had happened."

"Yes, after other people told me."

"That's not true. I told you as soon as it happened and I told you I did not want to marry you because of it I knew that it wouldn't be any good Why did you want to marry me, after you knew?"

"Why? That's a good question. Because I was a damn fool, that's why.

(*Continued on Page* 66)



article by ABRAHAM STERN

AGED IN THE WOOD

". . . Bourbon whiskey . . . is whiskey which has been distilled at not exceeding 160° proof from a fermented mash of not less than 51 percent . . . corn grain, . . . and . . . stored in charred new oak containers . . ."

Article II, Sec. 21,
Class 2 (a), Regulations
No. 5 Relating to
Labeling and Advertising
of Distilled Spirits.

When the first sparkling drops of a batch of newly made corn whiskey came dripping out of a small, crude still in the hills of Kentucky more than 150 years ago, probably no one present realized he was witness to the inauguration of an American tradition. But birth of a tradition it was, and it came to be called Bourbon Whiskey. First made in 1789, according to some historians, and thus as old as the Constitution of the United States, Bourbon Whiskey is as American as Apple Pie and the Fourth of July.

Although any whiskey made anywhere in the United States, according to the applicable government regulations, may be called bourbon, only bourbon made in Kentucky is entitled to the noble name Kentucky Bourbon. Born, christened and first consumed in Kentucky, this ruddy, hearty, glowing whiskey is as much a part of Bluegrass tradition as the Derby or *"My Old Kentucky Home"* and, indeed, antedates either of them by many years.

Scarcely any whiskey was made or used in America's early days. Brandy, wine and cider were to be had for the asking but most of the convivial citizens of the colonies pledged each other's health in rum. At first the golden liquid came in from the sunny islands of the Caribbean. But soon, ever alert for an opportunity to turn an honest shilling, astute New England Yankees built distilleries of their own. They imported molasses from the Indies and, with the application of the well-known Yankee ingenuity, turned the heavy, brown, sticky stuff into gallons and gallons of tingling, tonic, spine-stiffening rum. New England became as famous for its rum as for its witches.

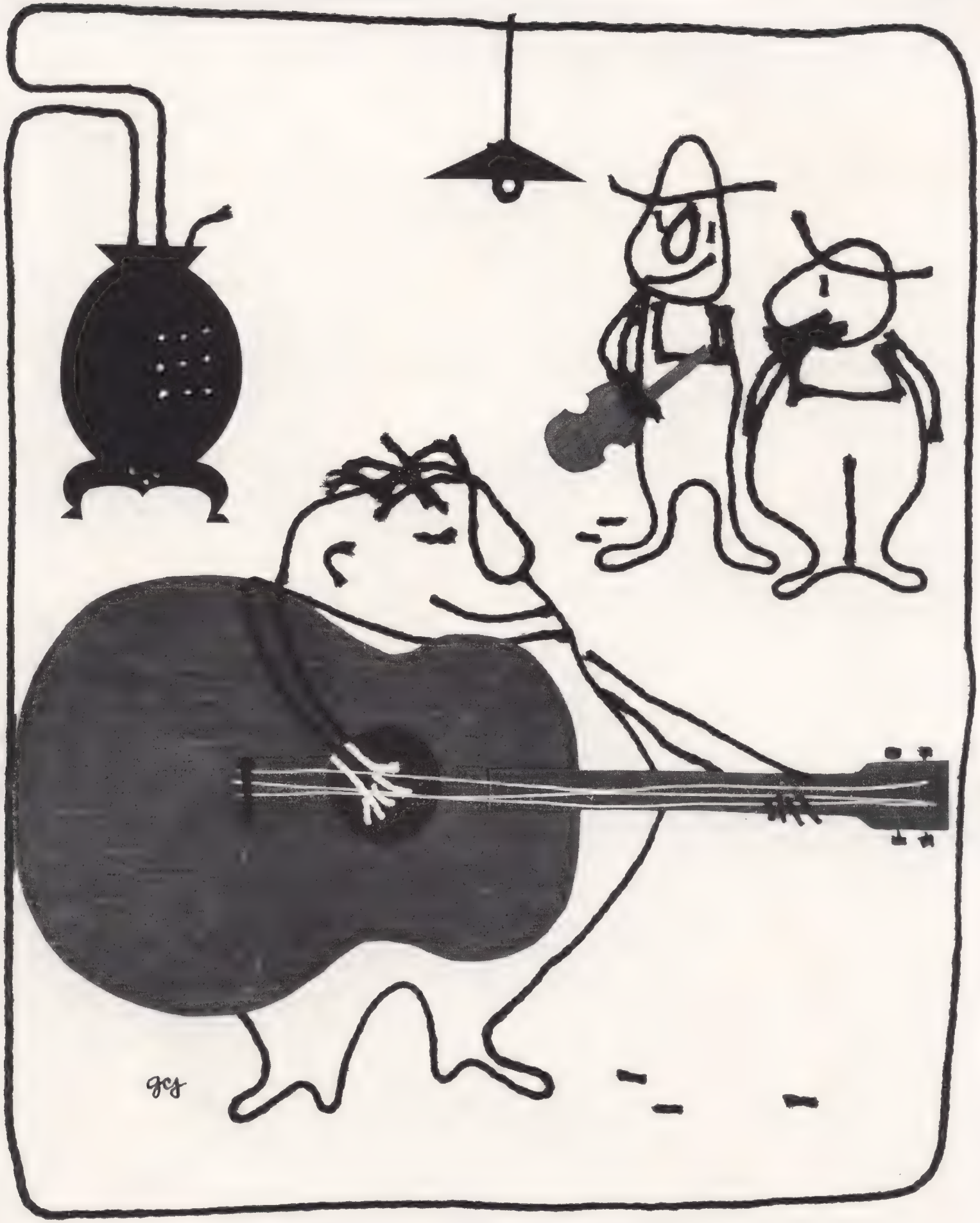
Further south, in colonies like Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, many settlers farming on remote inland sections found themselves lacking comforts common on the coast. Rye was an important crop in these regions and most of the farmers were well-versed in the art of making alcohol from grain. It was an old art, long practiced by their forebears in dim Irish and Scottish glens. They did not hesitate to put their skills to use. Shortly before the American Revolution, then, whiskey began to achieve popularity and importance. And, if a man did not have a still of his own, it was an easy matter to trade a few bushels of rye grain for a gallon or so of rye whiskey.

About this time, Daniel Boone and other pathfinders opened the way to Kentucky and the big surge to the West was on. Lured by tales of lush, fertile acres waiting for the plough, the farm-hungry pioneers trekked across the mountain ridges to the Promised Land. Braving the real and terrible dangers of Indians fighting to protect their hunting grounds, the hardy settlers cleared the forests, built their cabins and planted their crops. Since among them were the enterprising whiskey-makers of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, more than one wagon rattling through the Cumberland Gap carried crude distillation apparatus as essential equipment.

Whiskey certainly was an essential. In those dark days before vitamin pills, spirituous liquor was deemed a medicine, good for everything from snake-bite to that old tired feeling. A backwoods family would as soon be without its barrel of flour as without its jug of whiskey. The fine art of distilling on the frontier was a primitive affair. The deceptive-looking white juice that trickled from the coiled condensation tube or worm was harsh and raw and fiery. Often it was drunk the same day it was made. White Mule was its name, an apt and descriptive term.

Whiskey played a prominent part in the social life of the backwoods. According to Dr. Daniel Drake, who grew up on the Kentucky frontier in the 1790s, most of the neighbors "regarded it as a duty to their families and visitors, not less than themselves, to keep the whiskey bottle well-replenished." The good doctor was one to

(*Continued on Page* 44)



"Zeke sure plays a lot of guitar, doesn't he?"

AGED IN THE WOOD (*Continued from Page 42*)

know. His father had received a hundred gallons of whiskey as payment for a horse he had sold in neighboring Bourbon County. This bluegrass dew was sold to the neighbors and it was young Daniel's job to fill their jugs at twenty-five cents a quart.

In addition to its use as a refreshment for casual vistors, whiskey was a feature at all social gatherings. At the building of a new barn or cabin or the gathering of a harvest it was necessary for everybody in the district to lend a hand. The chore was turned into a social event and the host saw to it that whiskey was provided in generous quantities. As Dr. Drake put it, when the neighbors assembled at nightfall for a cornhusking "the green glass quart whiskey bottle, stopped with a cob, was handed to everyone, man and boy, as they arrived to take a drink."

At weddings, the young bloods of the community engaged in the gay pastime of "running for the bottle." As the wedding guests escorted the happy couple home from church, the dashing young blades galloped on horseback break-neck through the woods, jumped stumps and dodged branches, each eager to be the first to reach the house. The first man in was handed a jug of whiskey, took a lusty swig and galloped back with it to refresh the wedding party.

The whiskey-making settlers found themselves in luck with the Kentucky terrain. The land was a network of creeks and springs running full with limestone water, clear and cold. Distillers considered the quality of the water they used as highly important, and the mineral-laden streams of Kentucky seemed to have been created for the express purpose of making whiskey. One story goes that a Kentucky distiller once decided to move to Illinois because he figured his corn would be cheaper there. But he had to move back to Kentucky because the local water just could not give his whiskey the special flavor imparted by the spring water of the Bluegrass.

The mists of time cloud the date of the first distillation of whiskey in Kentucky. John Ritchie, according to one version, set up a still in the Bluegrass region in 1777 and floated the zesty nectar down to New Orleans by way of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The *bon vivants* of that cosmopolitan metropolis knew good whiskey when they inhaled it. In later years, many a barrel of fine amber bourbon was to float via this route down the gullets of gourmets and into the pages of history.

Also among the early distillers was Evan Williams, who in 1783 built a distillery in Louisville where he made corn whiskey. His neighbors, it is said, considered his product "a good medicine for chills and fever though a very bad whiskey." Williams was a leading citizen of infant Louisville. He was a member of the Board of Trustees and always brought a bottle of chills and fever medicine to meetings. Despite its reputation the bottle was always empty by the time the meeting was adjourned.

In 1789, a Daniel Stewart gave evidence that he had been engaged in the popular Bluegrass sport by advertising "For Sale, a Copper Still of 120 Gallons Capacity, With a Good Copper and Pewter Worm."

Among the most colorful of the pioneer distillers of Kentucky stands the Reverend Elijah Craig. A most versatile and remarkable man was the Reverend Craig. Like his brothers Lewis and Joseph he was a Baptist minister who had suffered imprisonment in Virginia for his preaching. Like his brothers too, he was active in the establishment of the Baptist Church in Kentucky. But more than that, the sturdy old pioneer was an educator and a business man.

The enterprising minister erected a grist mill, a saw mill and the first paper mill in the region. Not content to rest on his laurels, he built the first rope factory, or ropewalk as it was called, the first hotel in Georgetown and the first fulling mill. Fulling was a step in processing cloth, and it required an abundant, constant supply of water. The go-getting preacher located his mill on the Royal Spring, a clear-flowing, limestone-bed stream. With this source of water so handy, it was only natural that he turn to distilling. Whiskey, it must be remembered, was highly valued as a most necessary commodity. Its manufacture by a preacher was not regarded as something more out of the ordinary than any other activity.

In 1785, seven years before Kentucky achieved statehood, the county called Bourbon was created by the patriotic Virginia Legislature, which bestowed the royal French name on it in remembrance of French aid to the American cause in the Revolution. Its county seat was Paris, changed from Hopewell in another gesture of appreciation for La Belle France. It was in Paris, sixteen miles from Preacher Craig's Georgetown, that Pennsylvanian Jacob Spears built a distillery, the first in Bourbon County. No adjunct to a fulling mill was this, but an honest-to-goodness still-house dedicated to the proposition of making good drinkin' whiskey.

Many others must have engaged in the congenial business of turning

(*Continued on Page 46*)

"Wilbur! Don't just stand there! Come on!"

baked fish filets

Just to prove that **every** scale-pickin' sportsman reeling in to port with his catch doesn't reach for lard and a frying pan, try the oven treatment. This method gives you time and leisure to regale the girls re the one that got away and dry your line for the next excursion.

10½ ounce can condensed chicken gumbo soup
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
¼ cup water
¼ cup sherry wine
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
salt and pepper to taste
4 fish filets (good-sized)
8 lemon slices
paprika

Put the soup through a sieve and mix with water, or use electric blender. Melt butter in saucepan over low heat; add flour and blend well. Add sieved soup and cook, stirring constantly until thick and bubbly. Remove from heat and stir in sherry, parsley, salt and pepper. Arrange the fish filets, overlapping if necessary, in a shallow greased baking dish. Pour sauce over the fish. Arrange lemon slices over the top. Sprinkle with paprika and bake at 375 degrees for 30 minutes. Test with a fork, and if filets are extra thick, give them a few minutes longer.

P.S. If you missed the boat, the frozen food department of the nearest super-market can bridge the gap.

For a very attractive salad, shop for lettuce, canned asparagus spears, canned tomato aspic, stuffed olives, mayonnaise and one large or two small avocados. Shred the lettuce, a crisp layer, in an oval bowl. Drain the asparagus and arrange in spokes. Cut the aspic into serving sections. Top with a ring of peeled avocado, filling the circles with mayonnaise. Garnish with stuffed olives. Serve very cold.

Wonderful with the fish is California White Riesling (also known as Johannisberger Riesling). It should be thoroughly chilled.

wet your gills with these

While waiting for a fisherman's feast, or just waiting, try making a Mermaid. But watch it, they're very slick, hep in the hip, and a lot of them can land you on the rocks.

To four cubes of ice (shaved) add:
2 parts vodka
1 part Cointreau
1 dash of orange bitters

Shake well and strain

and for the halibut

A census-taking team, gathering statistics in a remote fishing village, was puzzled to find that all newborns since the last survey had July Fourth as their reported date of birth.

Seeking out the town patriarch they asked if this could be right.

"Sure, just right," he replied after a little manual math. "Ice freezes big thick right by turkey time. Everybody quit fishin'."

AGED IN THE WOOD (*Continued from Page 44*)

corn kernels into corn liquor, certainly more than the records show. Some historians have given credit for the creation of the elixir of Kentucky to Elijah Craig, but the available records do not bear this out. Others were making whiskey as early as the many-talented minister. And his operations took place in Scott County. If his contemporaries recognized him as the father of Bourbon Whiskey it is difficult to see why the Bluegrass nectar took its name from Bourbon County. At any rate, Bourbon County Whiskey was the title it received. The passage of time shortened the name to Bourbon Whiskey, a most apt appellation, in the opinion of its aficionados, for a royal drink.

Along with the corn, the distillers would generally throw in some rye for their mash. Nobody can tell precisely when the corn-and-rye liquor of the Kentucky alchemists acquired the qualities that gave it fame. But acquire them it did. Under the skillfull hands of the old whiskey makers, who profited from experience, a pleasant change came over the kicking white mule after it left the still. The colorless juice took on an eye-pleasing amber tone. The sharp, still-house fermentation odor gave way to a fragrant aroma. The raw, stinging taste mellowed to a robust, pleasant flavor.

The first step in the taming of the mule was passing it through a tub of charcoal. This is still done by some distillers who pride themselves on the old-fashioned excellence of their product. The next step was the mellowing in wooden barrels where the resins and tannins of the wood gave it flavor and some color. It must be admitted, however, that the early whiskey men probably used the barrel strictly as a container, rather than for any mellowing or coloring effect it had on the whiskey. For many years the practice was to deepen the color by adding caramelized sugar, as is the case with today's blended whiskies.

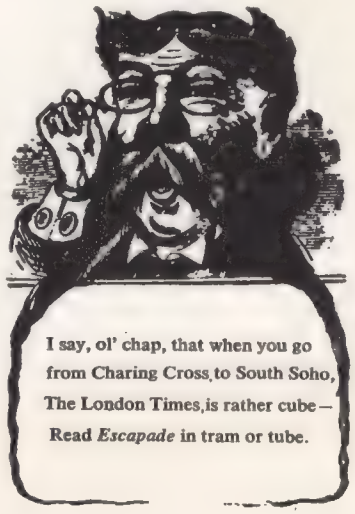
It was not until the Civil War, according to President William Howard Taft, under whose administration an investigation of the subject was made, that the virtues of the charred oak barrel came to light. In his own words, " . . . it was discovered that if raw whiskey as it came from the still, unrectified and without redistillation . . . was kept in oak barrels, the insides of the staves of which were charred, the tannic acid of the charred oak . . . would color the raw white whisky to the conventional color of American whiskey, and after some years would . . . leave a smooth delicate aroma, making the whiskey exceedingly palatable without the use of any additional flavoring or coloring." Who the genius was who first discovered the powers of the charred oak barrel, and how he discovered it, receives no mention.

One theory is that at one time when casks were scarce, old molasses barrels would be cleaned by burning out the inside before pouring in the new-born spirits. Time showed the agreeable effects of such treatment, and the practice became standard. Another story goes that early barrel makers accidentally charred the staves while bending them into the correct whiskey keg shape.

A legend of Bourbon County recalls how a Kentuckian buried some barrels of liquor under his barn. One day lightning struck the barn, demolishing same. Years later, digging among the ruins to start the foundation for a new barn, the owner came upon the old barrels which had been charred by the lightning. It was a matter of mere moments before he made the discovery of what time and charred oak could do for whiskey. The story can be no more than a legend, for it does not explain how the casks could be charred through the inside surface without their being destroyed.

More prosaic, but more probable, the old practice of leaching the raw new whiskey through tubs of charcoal suggested the charring of the insides of the kegs. The alchemy of the wood and the char, aided by the catalysis of time, transformed the primitive white corn distillate from an untamed tiger of a drink to a sleek, purring cat, a beverage to be savored by epicures.

As the elixir of Kentucky grew in fame and demand for it increased, more and more Kentucky farmers turned to the making of bourbon. It was almost inevitable that they did. By converting their surplus corn to whiskey the farmers were able to get rid of their extra grain and still make a profit. Whiskey also took the place of cash to a large extent. In the frontier country hard money was as scarce as finger bowls on a homesteader's table. Whiskey was commonly accepted as coin of the realm, as shown in the case of Daniel Drake's father and his sale of a horse for a hundred gallons of fluid Bourbon County coinage.


I say, ol' chap, that when you go
from Charing Cross to South Soho,
The London Times is rather cube—
Read *Escapade* in tram or tube.

Distilling developed into an important industry for Kentucky, and in time techniques were refined and standards set up. Different distillers originated their own special formulae. Each had his own ideas about the proper proportions of corn, rye, malt, yeast and limestone water to add to the mash. Each had his own ideas about the time needed for cooking, mashing and fermenting. Each had his own ideas about the temperatures needed for the best results. And of course each had his own special tricks of the trade to produce the finest bourbon in Kentucky — and that meant the world — bar none.

In the experiments with the ways of producing good bourbon, two types were developed — sour mash and sweet mash. The words sweet and sour do not describe the actual taste. In sour mash bourbon, a part of the "beer" left over from a previous distillation is added to the new mash. This gives a distinct, hearty flavor to the whiskey. The sweet mash bourbon maker omits this step to produce a somewhat milder-tasting drink. In sour mash, to list another difference, the fermentation is usually allowed to proceed for ninety-six hours; in sweet mash it is halted after seventy-two.

Bourbon whiskey, an American product, has kept pace with the progress of America. Distilling today is big business, carried on in modern plants built for efficient, scientific methods of operation, and is subject to stringent government regulation. But whiskey-making is still considered an art rather than a science, and distillers like to emphasize that the basic formulae and methods are unchanged.

One thing *has* changed, however. In Bourbon County — the jewel of the Bluegrass, the county that gave its very name to the bronze-toned nectar that is inextricably linked with Kentucky — in Bourbon County there is not one distillery operating today.

"Want to lay two bucks on a sure thing?"

THE RACER

BY IB MELCHIOR

Willie felt the familiar, intoxicating excitement. His mouth was dry; his heart beat faster; all his senses seemed more aware than ever. It was a few minutes before 0800 hours—his time to start.

This was the day. From all the Long Island Starting Fields the Racers were taking off at 15-minute intervals. The sputter and roar of cars warming up were everywhere. The smell of oil and fuel fumes permeated the air. The hubbub of the great crowd was a steady din. This was the biggest race of the year—New York to Los Angeles—100,000 bucks to the winner! Willie was determined to better his winning record of last year; 33 hours, 27 minutes, 12 seconds in Time. And although it was becoming increasingly difficult he'd do his damndest to better his Score too!

He took a last walk of inspection around his car. Sleek, low-slung, dark brown, the practically indestructible plastiglass top looking deceptively fragile, like a soap bubble. Not bad for an old-fashioned diesel job. He kicked the solid plastirubber tires in the time

(Continued on next page)

to the crowd, he was a hero; the girl called him "butcher"

ILLUSTRATED BY ED KYSAR

THE RACER *(continued from page 49)*

honored fashion of all drivers. Hank was giving a last minute shine to the needle sharp durasteel horns protruding from the front fenders. Willie's car wasn't nick-named "The Bull" without reason. The front of the car was built like a streamlined bull's head complete with bloodshot, evil looking eyes, iron ring through flaring nostrils —and the horns. Although most of the racing cars were built to look like tigers, or sharks, or eagles, there *were* a few bulls—but Willie's horns were unequalled.

"Car 79 ready for Start in five minutes," the loudspeaker blared. "Car 79. Willie Connors, driver. Hank Morowski, mechanic. Ready your car for Start in five minutes."

Willie and Hank took their places in "The Bull". At a touch by Willie on the starter the powerful diesel engine began a low purr. They drove slowly to the starting line.

"Last Check!" said Willie.

"Right," came Hank's answer.

"Oil and Fuel?"

"40 hours."

"Cooling Fluid?"

"Sealed."

"No-Sleeps?"

"Check."

"Energene Tabs?"

"Check."

"Thermo Drink?"

"Check."

The Starter held the checkered flag high over his head. The crowds packing the grandstands were on their feet. Hushed. Waiting.

"Here we go!" whispered Willie.

The flag fell. A tremendous cry rose from the crowd. But Willie hardly heard it. Accelerating furiously he pushed his car to its top speed of 190 miles an hour within seconds—shooting like a bullet along the straight-away toward Manhattan. He was elated; exhilarated. He was a Racer. And full of tricks!

Willie shot through the Tunnel directly to Jersey.

"Well?" grumbled Hank. "Can you tell me now?"

"Toledo," said Willie. "Toledo, Ohio. On the Thruway. We should make it in under three hours."

He felt a slight annoyance with Hank. There was no reason for the man to be touchy. He knew a driver didn't tell *anyone* the racing route he'd selected. News like that had a habit of getting around. It could cost a Racer his Score.

"There's not much chance of anything coming up until after we hit Toledo," Willie said, "but keep your eyes peeled. You never know."

Hank merely grunted.

It was exactly 1048 hours when "The Bull" streaked into the deserted streets of Toledo.

"O.K.—what now?" asked Hank.

"Grand Rapids, Michigan," said Willie laconically.

"Grand Rapids! But that's—that's an easy 300 miles detour!"

"I know."

"Are you crazy? It'll cost us a couple of hours."

"So Grand Rapids is all the way up between the Lakes, So who'll be expecting us up there?"

"Oh! Oh, year, I see," said Hank.

"The *Time* isn't everything, my friend. Whoever said the shortest distance between two points is a straight line? The *Score* counts too. And here's where we pick up *our* Score!"

The first Tragi-Acc never neven knew the Racer had arrived. "The Bull" struck him squarely, threw him up in the air and let him slide off its plastiglass back, leaving a red smear behind and somewhat to the left of Willie—all in a split second . . .

Near Calvin College an imprudent coed found herself too far from cover when the Racer suddenly came streaking down the campus. Frantically she sprinted for a safety, but she didn't have a chance with a driver like Willie behind the wheel. The razor sharp horn on the right fender sliced through her spine so cleanly that the jar wasn't even felt inside the car.

Leaving town the Racer was in luck again. An elderly woman had left the sanctuary of her stone-walled garden to rescue a straying cat. She was so easy to hit that Willie felt a little cheated.

At 1232 hours they were on the speedway headed for Kansas City.

Hank looked in awe at Willie. "Three!" he murmured dreamily, "a Score of three already. And all of them Kills—for sure. You *really* know how to drive!"

Hank settled back contentedly as if he could already feel his 25,000 dollar cut in his pocket. He began to whistle *"The Racers Are Roaring"* off key.

Even after his good Score it annoyed Willie. And for some reason he kept remembering the belatedly pleading look in the old woman's eyes as he struck her. Funny *that* should stay with him . . .

He estimated they'd hit Kansas City at around 1815 hours, CST. Hank turned on the radio. Peoria, Illinois, was warning its citizens of the approach of a Racer. All spectators should watch from safety places. Willie grinned. That would be him. Well—he wasn't looking for any Score in Peoria.

Dayton, Ohio told of a Racer having made a Tragic Accident Score of one, and Fort Wayne, Indiana was crowing over the fact that three Racers had passed through without scoring once. From what he heard it seemed to Willie he had a comfortable lead, both in Time and Score.

They were receiving Kansas City now. An oily voiced announcer was filling in the time between Racing Scores with what appeared to be a brief history of Racing.

". . . and the most popular spectator sports of the latter half of the 20th Century were such mildly exciting pursuits as boxing and wrestling. Of course the spectators enjoyed seeing the combatants trying to maim each other, and there was always the chance of the hoped-for fatal accident.

"Motor Racing, however, gave a much greater opportunity for the Tragic Accidents so exciting to the spectator. One of the most famed old Speedways, Indianapolis, where many drivers and spectators alike ended as bloody Tragi-Accs, is today the nation's racing shrine. Motor racing was already then held all over the world, sometimes with Scores reaching the hundred mark, and long distance races were popular.

"The modern Race makes it possible for the entire population to . . ."

Willie switched off the radio. Why did they always have to stress the *Score? Time* was important too. The *speed*—and the *endurance*. That was part of an Ace Racer as well as his scoring ability. He took an Energene Tab. They were entering Kansas City.

The check point officials told Willie that there were three Racers with better Time than he, and one had tied his Score. "The Bull" stayed just long enough in the check point pit for Hank to make a quick engine inspection—then they took off again. It was 1818

Continued on page 60

"You're going to the track? What's your post position?"

escapade begins a pleasant association with famous pinup artist earl macpherson

The Well-Scrubbed Look

Ever on the alert for opportunities to increase the joy of living for *Escapaders* everywhere, *Escapade* takes pride and pleasure in announcing that the luscious girls of famed calendar artist Earl MacPherson will grace its pages regularly from now on.

This is another first for *Escapade*. Hitherto, MacPherson has executed his work in pastels, but for *Escapade* he has switched media and the ravishing portrait of the well-scrubbed blonde on the next page is his first published work in oils.

For a number of years, the choicest young models of the land have flocked to MacPherson's showplace homes at Del Mar and Rancho Santa Fe, California, and near Scottsdale, Arizona, to have their charms idealized on canvas. From the ranks of MacPherson models have come many stars and starlets of TV, screen and stage, boosted to their present prominence through the wide distribution of MacPherson portraits.

MacPherson's secret is simple: he gets his models when they're very young and very eager, and these qualities glow through in his pictures. The artist's accord with his models is exceeded only by his single-minded devotion to his attractive wife (she formerly was one of his models) and their son, now 12.

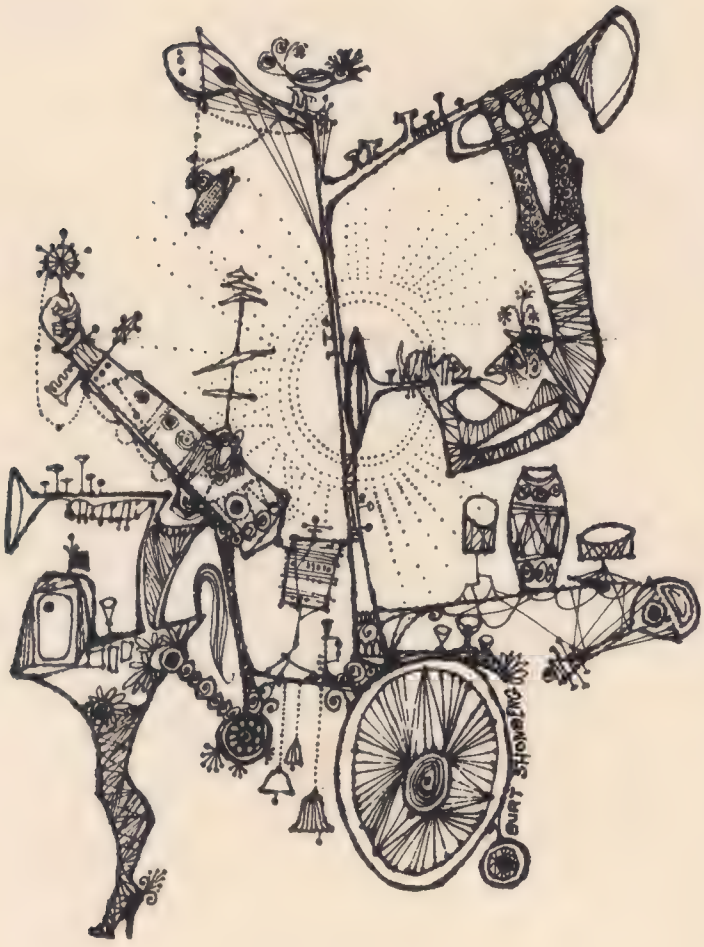
Sometimes, MacPherson paints directly from the model; at others, he takes a number of photos (early-day artists used sketches for the same purpose) and works from them. In this case, MacPherson used photos, some of which, including his final selection, are reproduced on these pages. A serious artist, despite the non-serious nature of his subjects, MacPherson is currently studying oil painting techniques with famous painter Francis Beaugereau, member of the artists' colony at Scottsdale.

From scores of photographs, MacPherson chose this as the model for his full-page color rendering.

"It may not be contemporary, but it's functional."

BY TED SWANSON

When Jazz Was Zut



be an authority:
read this definitive history
of America's highest art form

FOR YEARS the world has been crying for an authentic history of jazz but until recently I have not had the time to write one. However, the increasing flood of psuedo-histories has forced me to abandon my indifferent attitude and has compelled me to present to the world the true history of jazz. At the end, I shall list recommended recordings of the era, most of which have been completely overlooked by the companies re-issuing jazz on LPs, and for that matter are probably not available anywhere since a number of them were destroyed the same day they were cut. In fact, some of them were destroyed before they had been completely cut at all.

Before jazz was called jazz (or for that matter, before it was called *anything*), in about 1895, a young man named Harry Zut first appeared in New Orleans. Zut was an odd-jobs man, doing such work as pea-splitting, name-dropping, doughnut-holing and jack-rolling. His real skill, however, lay in heel-clicking, an art generally unappreciated at that time. He would attempt to get jobs at theatres, bars, bordellos and the like as a heel-clicker but, almost inevitably, ended up splitting peas. One day, however, in late 1895 (it was so late, in fact, that it was the fifth of January, 1896) his luck changed. A wealthy widow called upon him to perform at a party where he amazed the guests by leaping into the air and clicking his heels eight times before touching the floor again.

"Magnificent!" she would exclaim.

"It was nothing," he would blush modestly and, releasing his hold on the chandelier, would drop to the floor.

It was at this party that Zut met a young woman who was also exceptionally talented. She was a bosom-heaver. She could heave more bosom in one minute than most women can heave in a lifetime. She and Zut were greatly attracted to each other, as young artists are prone to be and, for a long time, each attempted to learn the skill of the other. However, Zut never learned to heave bosoms (frankly, he was flat-chested as hell), and she never learned to click heels (she only had one leg). Eventually they married and raised a flock of bosom-heaving heel-clickers, who, as they learned the skill, would dash enthusiastically about the house shouting, "I'm clicking at last!" Thus a popular expression was born.*

Zut also had another talent which unfortunately he never attempted to develop. He could throw some marbles down and no matter how he threw them or where he threw them, they always landed in a perfectly straight line. He was never able to do this with more than two marbles at once however, and he gave it up altogether. He eventually became a name-dropper in his old age, and died of grief after a tragic accident in which he dropped a name on his wife and killed her stone dead (ironically, the name was "Stone").

Zut contributed rhythm to jazz (which at that time was not called jazz, or for that matter was not called *anything*, unless is was possibly called *"Zut"*).

Shortly after the Spanish-American war there was an influx of musicians, many of whom had served as horses in the charge on San Juan Hill. They introduced variations of rhythm whose effects spread like wildfire, even affecting the birth rate. One of the musicians, Phineas Phrisbee, a pianist by trade, was probably the most talented of the group, but often failed to appear at his job because of the great interest he took in women. In fact he would become interested in a woman at the drop of a skirt, and was generally quite successful with them.** Eventually he came into contact with a girl with whom his charm failed! She was always able to

(continued on page 58)

**The black sheep of the family was a heel-heaving bosom-clicker who eventually became a successful burlesque queen.*

***He was once rumored to have actually invented women but this was traced to his statement: "I first made a woman when I was fourteen."*

"But, Mr. Clark, isn't eleven o'clock a little late for a 'come-as-you-are' party?"

JAZZ WAS ZUT *(continued from page 56)*

provide the perfect parry for his thrust, so to speak. Pouring his heart, and a fair portion of his liver, out at the piano, he invented a new style which, with an ironic and wistful smile, he labelled "ragtime". Eventually Phrisbee gave up music altogether and instead went to work housebreaking earthworms and selling them as pets. He died without a worm to his name but left for posterity the music for the famous *"At the Zutland Ball"* (which eventually degenerated to *"At the Jazz-band Ball"*).

About this time, the folk-singer was contributing to the early jazz scene, and as anyone knows who has ever tried it, singing folks is much more difficult than singing songs. However, before we consider this phase, we must mention the man who probably contributed the most to what is now known as "rock-and-roll". His name was Drumhead and he was probably the first of the great jazz cornetists (actually he was known as a *"zut"* cornetist, the "zut" coming from Harry Zut, and the word *"cornet"* being derived from the West Tasmanian *"kwarynyyit,"* meaning *"trombone"*). Drumhead was an experimenter in zut and believed that it should have a heavy beat to it; thus his first band consisted of his lead cornet, a clarinet, seven banjos, four drums, five tubas, and a howitzer. Eventually his band folded (in fact a whole building folded during a performance of his zut version of *"Overture of 1812"*) but Drumhead, undaunted, vowed to make a comeback.

At this same time, a great folk singer, Ironbowels, was riding about the countryside on his long-eared ass singing traditional pieces he had composed himself, accompanying them with mournful chords on his 16-string banjo. (Karl Quab, in his vast work on jazz history, has insisted that it was only a 14-string banjo and that Irowbowels actually had a donkey, not an ass. E. Shrdlu, of the East Pawtucket String Jazz Band, in reply to Quab said that Quab was full of hot air and certainly it was an ass and that 14-string banjoes were not being made at that time. Quab, in a seven thousand-word essay, stated that he had a Ph.D. and that Shrdlu did not and that probably Shrdlu was the ass because Ironbowels had a donkey, and he *knew* they made 14-string banjoes in those days because his great grandmother passed one down to him. Shrdlu, in reply, stated that he was getting his Ph.D. very shortly, having only seven years of school left to go, and that the 14-string banjo that Quab had was probably a 16-string banjo with two strings missing, and that he had probably bought it himself when it was new because, judging by his ravings, he must be senile as hell. Chevvy McCoy, coach of the Podunk U. basketball team, when asked to comment on the raging controversy, said, "A Ph.D. don't help you to play no bassetball!").

At any rate, Ironbowels rode about the country on his ass or donkey and sang traditional songs until in one small rural town, a shapely young thing told him to get off his ass and marry her. Thus another popular saying was born. Except for one rare record cut in 1918, he never sang again, but settled down and raised traditional children. As Quab says about this great loss to the musical world, "Hell, maybe it *was* an ass."

Probably the weirdest cornet-player ever to blow his way through the jazz world (which at that time was not known as the jazz world, or for that matter as much of *any* kind of world) was Blowhard King. Blowhard was one of the first jazz musicians to have formal musical training, having studied the double-inverted F-sharp hekkophone for eight years. Since his family was quite poor, they could afford only a single-inverted hekkophone, which Blowhard had to play upside down, since all his music was for the double-inverted horn. For eight years he studied, but secretly he craved to play zut music. Finally he traded his hekkophone for a cornet (which at that time was known as *"trombone"* from the North Tasmanian "trmbbyonye" meaning *"flute"*) but kept the secret from his family by practicing while hanging upside down in the outhouse. After a year of diligent practice, he confronted the family with his cornet and announced that he could play the scale. His family was astonished for they had not been paying for scale lessons, but they decided to give him a chance to prove his prowess. Immediately he hung upside down from the chandelier and played the scale through with only one mistake, for which his family exiled him to the outhouse. Here he lived and practiced for a time, making his abode more bearable by tacking up such homey signs as "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like an outhouse." Eventually, when his family realized his great accomplishment (he had never been able to play the scale on the hekkophone), they pardoned him and he immediately sallied forth and formed the Blowhard Stompers, a band which played in direct competition with Drumhead's Comeback Four. Blowhard easily won out, for he was the only musician at the time who always played hanging upside down (and for that matter who was the only one who could never play more than the scale), and also because Drumhead's group disbanded after a land mine was mislaid and the speakeasy exploded. Needless to say, Drumhead vowed to make a comeback. After a few successful years, Blowhard retired and took over his father's company, Gay Deceivers, Inc., and became rich when he perfected the left-handed falsie as well as inventing the adaptor for the left-handed falsie for women with right-hand left breasts, the left-handed glove which fits the right hand, to be used when you want to pet with the left hand while driving with it, and the adaptor for the left-handed right glove to compensate for petting women with right-handed left breasts wearing left-handed falsies on the right breast.

Recommended records of this era:

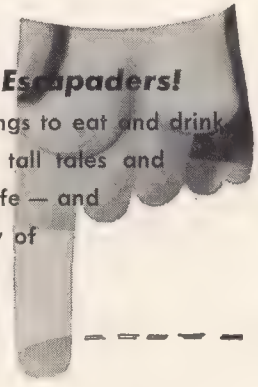
IRONBOWELS (Ironbowels, banjo, with incidental braying). Fantastic Records #142-A. "Plunk" (recorded March 3, 1918).

DRUMHEAD'S RAZZAMATAZZ NINE (Drumhead, cornet; Unknown on 4 banjos; Unknown on 3 drums; Theodore Roosevelt, howitzer). Urpo Jazz Classic #7764. "Zutbucket Blues," "Zut Around the Clock" (June 21, 1912).

THE BLOWHARD STOMPERS (Blowhard, cornet; C. Fain, tenor sax; Bubbles Hill, single-inverted F-sharp hekkophone; Gene Fuddy, outhouse door; Liberace, piano). Hotstuff Records #7777. "Outhouse Blues" (this record was cut with two holes). "Full Moon Seen Thru a Half-Moon" (Aug. 7, 1913).

DRUMHEAD'S COMEBACK FOUR (Drumhead, fluglehorn; Dick Tracy, banjo; Herman Fuddy, Springfield rifle; Dungg Hill, hand grenades). Interesting Records #1. "Overture of 1812 for Zutband" (July 4, 1913).

Busy, busy, busy—



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hours, CST, when they left the city limits behind. They'd been driving over nine hours.

About 50 miles along the Thruway to Denver, just after passing through a little town called Lawrence, Willie suddenly slowed down. Hank who'd been dozing sat up in alarm.

"What's the matter?" he cried, "what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Willie said irritably. "Relax. You seem to be good at that."

"But why are you slowing down?"

"You heard the check point record. Our Score's already been tied. We've got to better it," Willie answered grimly.

The plastirubber tires screeched on the concrete speedway as Willie turned down an exit leading to a Class II road.

"Why down here?" asked Hank. "You can only go about 80 MPH."

A large lumi-sign appeared on the side of the road ahead —

LONE STAR
11 Miles

it announced.

Willie pointed. "That's why," he said curtly.

In a few minutes Lone Star came into view. It was a small village. Willie was traveling as fast as he could on the secondary road. He plowed through a flock of chickens, hurtled over a little mongrel dog, which crawled yelping towards the safety of a house and the waiting arms of a little girl, and managed to graze the leg of a husky youth who vaulted a high wooden fence — then they were through Lone Star.

Hank activated the little dashboard screen which gave them a rear view.

"That's not going to do much for our Score," he remarked sourly.

"Oh, shut up!" Willie exploded, surprising both himself and Hank.

What was the *matter* with him? He couldn't be getting tired already. He swallowed a No-Sleep. That'd help.

Hank was quiet as they sped through Topeka and took the Thruway to Oklahoma City, but out of the corner of his eyes he was looking speculatively at Willie, hunched over the wheel.

It was getting dusk. Willie switched on his powerful headbeams. They had a faint reddish tint because of the coloring of "The Bull's" eyes. They had just whizzed through a little burg named Perry, when there was a series of sharp cracks. Willie started.

"There they go again!" chortled Hank. "Those dumb hinterland hicks will never learn they can't hurt us with their fly-poppers." He knocked the plastiglass dome affectionately. "Takes atomic pellets to get through this baby."

Of course! He *must* be on edge to be taken by surprise like that. He'd run into the Anti-Racers before. Just a handful of malcontents. The Racing Commission had already declared them illegal. Still — at every race they took pot shots at the Racers; a sort of pathetic defiance. Why should anyone want to do away with Racing?

They were entering the outskirts of Oklahoma City. Willie killed his headbeams. No need to advertise.

Suddenly Hank grabbed his arm. Wordlessly he pointed. There — garrish and gaudy — gleamed the neon sign of a theatre . . .

Willie slowed to a crawl. He pulled over to the curb, and the dark car melted into the shadows. He glanced at the clock. 2203 hours. Perhaps . . .

Down the street a man cautiously stuck his head out from the theatre entrance. Warily he emerged completely, looking up and down the street carefully. He did not see "The Bull." Presently he ventured out into the center of the roadway. He stood still listening for a moment. Then he turned and beckoned towards the theatre. Immediately a small group of people emerged at a run.

Now!

The acceleration slammed the Racers back in their seats. "The Bull" shot forward and bore down on the little knot of petrified people with appalling speed.

This time there was no mistaking the hits. A quick succession of jars had Willie calling upon all his driving skill to keep from losing control. Hank pressed the Clean-Spray button to wash the blood off the front of the dome. He sat with eyes glued to the rear view screen.

"Man, oh man," he murmured. "What a record; What a Score!" He turned to Willie. "Please," he said, "please stop. Let's get out. I know it's against regulations, but I've just gotta see how we did. It won't take long. We can afford a couple of minutes *Time* now!"

Suddenly Willie felt he had to get out too. This was the biggest Tragi-Acc he'd ever had. He had a vague feeling there was something he wanted to do. He brought the car to a stop. They stepped out.

Within seconds the deserted street was swarming with people. Now the Racers were out of their car they felt safe. And curious. A few of them pressed forward to take a look at Willie. Naturally he was recognized. His photo had been seen in one way or another by everyone.

Willie was gratified by this obvious adulation. He looked about him. There were many people in the street now. But — but they were not all fawning and beaming upon him. Willie frowned. Most of them looked grim — even hostile. Why? What was wrong? Wasn't he one of their greatest Racers? And hadn't he just made a record Score? Given them a Tragi-Acc they wouldn't soon forget? What was the matter with those hicks?

Suddenly the crowd parted. Slowly a young girl walked up to Willie. She was beautiful — even with the terrible anger burning on her face. In her arms she held the still body of a child. She looked straight at Willie with loathing in her eyes. Her voice was low but steady when she said:

"Butcher!"

Someone in the crowd called: "Careful, Muriel!" but she paid no heed. Turning from him she walked on through the crowd, parting for her.

Willie was stunned.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Hank said anxiously.

Willie didn't answer. He was looking back through the crowd to the scene of his Tragi-Acc. Never before had he stopped. Never before had he been this close. He could hear the moaning and sobbing of the Maims over the low murmur of the crowd. It made him uneasy. Back there they worked hurriedly to get the Tragi-Accs off the street. *There were so many of them* . . . Butcher? . . .

All at once he was conscious of Hank pulling at him.

"Let's get roaring! Let's go!"

Quickly he turned and entered the car. Almost at once the street was empty. He turned on his headbeams and started up. Faster — and faster. The street was dead — empty . . .

No! There! Someone! Holding a . . .

It was butcher — no, *Muriel.* She stood rooted to the spot in the middle of the street holding the child in her arms. In the glaring headlights her face was white, her eyes terrible, burning, dark . . .

Willie did not let up. The car hurtled down upon the lone figure — and passed . . .

(Continued on Page 64)

by Mykia Taylor

BOOBY PRIZE

When she was young and pure and sweet
A man came kneeling at her feet.
With gifts of flowers
For hours and hours
He stayed, his worship to repeat.
When she was young and pure and sweet
A man came kneeling at her feet.

She lost her innocence at last
And there were whispers of "a past,"
Sophisticated,
Sometimes rated
By her neighbors, "rather fast."

And did a man come kneeling then?
Ah, not one man — *but eight or ten!*

COUNTRY BODYGUARD *(Continued from Page 25)*

Uncle William believes in starting things off with a bang. That's what he did. He made some phone calls and before I knew it he'd scheduled a party fer the night. I was peeved at first. But Uncle William said I didn't have to dress up. So I put on my short-sleeved shirt and was ready fer anybody, I thought.

Lucy got fixed up in another dress. One I'd never seen afore. Bet Ma had never see it neither. It was cut right low and fit her mighty tight-like. I knowed I was going to have to stick real close to her.

We were looking out the winder when the first guest came. I didn't even notice till she was right on me.

"Jim, I want you to meet Lisette, my secretary," I heard Uncle William say.

I turned around. Right there before my eyes was the prettiest gal I'd seen in a long time. Her dress fit tighter than Lucy's. She had on some potent perfume and her face was so fixed up I thought she was a movie star. The top part of her dress was cut lower than Lucy's, too. I was right taller, so I could look down and see more. She smiled and didn't seem to notice.

"Hello, Jim. I'm Lisette. Been dying to meet you. Bill has told me all about you. I like to see things firsthand." She did her eyes kinda coy at me. I got purty nervous.

"Uh, 'cuse me Miss Lisette. I see my sister over thar."

I almost ran to where Lucy was. Miss Lisette looked insulted. Most likely men didn't leave her company often. Lucy was talking with three young fellers. She seemed to resent my coming.

"This is my brother, Jim. Jim, meet Mr. Hastings, Mr. Kirkland and Mr. Warwick." She gave me a sharp look. I couldn't understand. I was there for her protection.

Finally, she spoke to me. "Jim, I'm out of cigarettes. Run into my bedroom and get my other pack."

I hustled to her bedroom. Couldn't find them though. As I was 'bout to look in her suitcase, I heard the door close behind me. That Lisette gal came in.

"What's the matter, Jim? You've been avoiding me. Not many men do."

"I ain't been avoiding you, Miss Lisette. Just looking fer my sister's cigarettes."

"Oh, forget about them. Come, sit beside me. I want to hear about your farm."

"Aint much to tell."

"What do you do on the farm?" she asked, looking at me with some kind of smile I didn't understand.

"We just farm things."

"What kind of farming?" She sidled up closer.

"Uh, cattle, cotton, and" . . . I'm a pretty patient feller, but I'd had enough. A city boy would have played this cool. But, not me. When a gal tempts you in the country, there ain't no hesitating. I didn't wait much longer, neither. I just plain grabbed her. Kissed her hard, right smack on those red lips. I forgot she was a city gal. Treated her right rough. She kinda melted. I had never felt quite like I did now, neither.

Well, I finally finished. Turned her loose. She fell off the bed. Her hair was messed up. Her eyes were just a blazing when she looked at me. She couldn't say anything for a minute.

"So *that's* how you country boys do it," she gasped, staring at me. She was ready for more, I could tell. I wouldn't have refused, but I was scared people might wonder about us being missing.

"We'd better get back inside, Miss Lisette." I headed toward the door.

"Jim, please — you're not doing anything tomorrow night, are you?"

"Nah, don't reckon so." She was still on the floor when I left.

I'm shore in love with Lisette all right. She likes life here on the farm. She don't work or cook though. We live in our own house. She's got plenty of money, even hired a cook. I can't understand that gal sometimes, though. She never does much of anything. Stays in bed all the time. Giggles with excitement around late afternoon.

Heard from Uncle William the other day. Lucy stayed on. He said Mr. Kirkland had committed suicide over her and so had a couple of other gents, can't remember their names.

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THE ACCOMMODATING SATYR

Once upon a time there was a princess who was a nymphomaniac, and she kept a lipstick "tally" each night on her boudoir wall. Woe betide her procurers if the crimson marks failed to total an even 100 by sunrise!

As it was an "off-with-your-heads" proposition, the daily search by her courtiers was a frantic one. One of them thought he'd hit the jackpot when he stumbled upon a husky nude man sitting on a stump in a forest.

He persuaded the prodigious fellow to return with him to the castle and meet the princess, who was delighted.

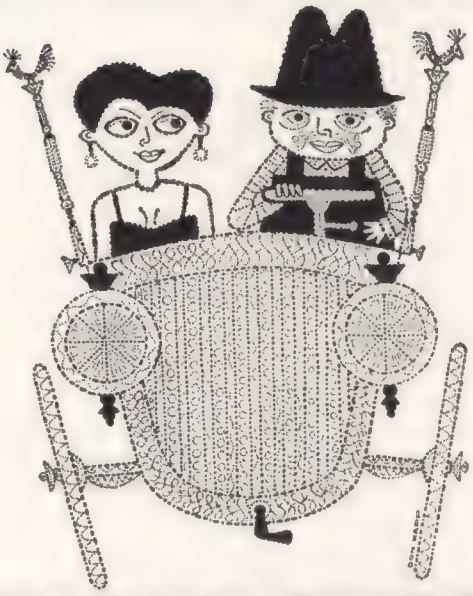
The next morning, the princess counted the lipstick marks. "There's only ninety-eight," she announced, with a chilly and forbidding smile.

"A hundred," said the forest prodigy.

"Ninety-eight," the princess insisted.

"Oh, hell," the chap responded. "If you're gonna argue, rub out those marks and we'll start all over!"

ANECDOTES FOR ADULTS



FARMAL EDUCATION

The farm had been mortgaged, and gladly, to give daughter a college education. Now, driving home from the station after meeting her at the train, farmer Monroe was greatly disturbed when his daughter whispered confidentially, "I have a confession to make, Pa — I ain't a virgin no more."

The old man shook his head sadly.

"After all the sacrifices your Maw and I made to give you a good education, you still say 'ain't'!"

from the escapade collection

EPIDEMIC

"Doctor," said the man on the phone, "my son has scarlet fever."

"Yes, I know," replied the doctor. "I came by your home and treated him yesterday. Just keep him away from the others in the house and . . ."

"But you don't understand," said the distraught parent. "He's kissed the maid!"

"Well, that is unfortunate. Now we'll probably have to quarantine her . . ."

"And, doctor, I'm afraid I've kissed the girl myself."

"This is getting complicated. That means you may have contracted the disease."

"Yes, and I've kissed my wife since then."

"Damn it," exclaimed the doctor, "now I'll catch it, too!"

THE RACER (*Continued from Page 60*)

They'd lost 13 minutes. Now they were on their way to El Paso, Texas. The nagging headache Willie'd suffered the whole week of planning before the race had returned. He reached for a No-Sleep, hestitated a second, then took another.

Hank glanced at him, worriedly. "Easy, boy!"

Willie didn't answer.

"That Anti-Racer get under your skin?" Hank suggested. "Don't let it bother you."

"Butcher," she'd said. "Butcher!"

Willie was staring through the plastiglass dome at the racing pool of light from the headbeams. "The Bull" was tearing along the Thruway at almost 180 MPH.

What was that? There — in the light? It was a face — terrible, dark eyes — getting larger — larger — *Muriel!* It was butcher — no, Muriel! No — it was a Racer, — a Racing Car with Muriel's face, shreiking down upon him — closer — closer . . .

He threw his arm in front of his face. Dimly he heard Hank shout "Willie!" He felt the car lurch. Automatically he tightened his grip on the wheel. They had careened close to the shoulder of the speedway. Willie sat up. Ahead of him the road was clear — and empty.

It was still dark when they hit El Paso. The radio told them their Oklahoma Score. Five and eight. Five Kills — eight Maims! Hank was delighted. They were close to setting a record. He'd already begun to spend his $25,000.

Willie was uneasy. His headache was worse. His hands were clammy. He kept hearing Muriel's voice saying: "Butcher" — "Butcher." — "Butcher!" . . .

But he was *not* a butcher. He was a Racer! He'd show them. He'd win this race.

El Paso was a disappointment. Not a soul in sight. Phoenix next.

The clock said 0658 hours, MST, when they roared into Phoenix. The streets were clear. Willie had to slow down to take a corner. As he sped into the new street he saw her. She was running to cross the roadway. Hank whooped.

"Go, Willie! Go!"

The girl looked up an instant in terror.

Her face!

It was the old woman with the cat! No! — it was Muriel. Muriel with the big, dark eyes . . .

In the last split second Willie touched the power steering. "The Bull" responded immediately, and shot past the girl as she scampered to safety.

"What the hell is the matter with you?" Hank roared at Willie. "You could've scored! Are you out of your head?"

"We don't need her. We'll win without her. I — I — "

Yes, why hadn't he scored? It wasn't Muriel. Muriel was back in butcher— in — in Oklahoma City. Damn this headache!

"Maybe so," said Hank angrily. "But I wanna be sure. And what about the bonus for setting a record? Ten thousand apiece. And we're close." He looked slyly at Willie. "Or — maybe you've lost your nerve. Wonder what the Commission will say to that?"

"I've got plenty of nerve," Willie snapped.

"Prove it!" said Hank quickly. He pointed to the dashboard map slowly tracing their progress. "There. See that village? With the screwy name? *Wikieup!* Off the Thruway. Let's see you score there!"

Willie said nothing. He hadn't lost his nerve, he knew that. He was the best of the Racers. No one could drive like he could; constant top speed, the stamina it took, the split-second timing, the unerring judgement —

"Well?"

"All right," Willie agreed.

They hadn't even reached Wikieup when they spotted the farmer, He didn't have a chance. "The Bull" came charging down upon him. But in the last moment the car veered slightly. One of the horns ripped the man's hip open. In the rear view screen Willie saw him get up and hobble off the road.

"You could've made it a Kill," Hank growled accusingly. "Why didn't you?"

"Bad road," Willie said. "The wheel slipped on a stone."

That's what must have happened, he thought. He didn't consciously veer away from the man. He was a good Racer. He couldn't help a bad road.

Needles was left behind at 1045 hours, PST. No one had been out. Hank turned on the radio to a Needles station:

". . . has just left the city going West. No other Racer is reported within twenty minutes of the city. We repeat: A Racer has just left . . ."

Hank clicked it off. "Hear that?" he said excitedly. "Twenty minutes. They don't expect anyone for twenty minutes!" He took hold of Willie's arm. "Turn around! Here's where we can get ourselves that record Score. Turn around, Willie!"

"We don't need it."

"I do! *I want that bonus!*"

Willie made no answer.

"Listen to me, you two-bit Racer!" Hank's tone was menacing. "You or nobody else is going to cheat me out of that bonus. You've been acting mighty peculiar. More like a Anti-Racer! Ever since you stopped at that Tragi-Acc back there. Yeah! That girl — that Anti-Racer who called you a — a butcher. Listen! You get that record Score, or I'll report you to the Commission for having snooped around a Tragi-Acc. You'll never race again!"

'Never race again!' Willie's brain was whirling. But he *was* a Racer. Not a butcher. *A Racer.* Record Score? Yes — that's what he had to do. Set a record. Be the best damned Racer of them all.

Without a word he turned the car. In minutes they were back at the Needles suburbs. That building. A School House. And there — marching orderly in two rows with their teacher, a class, a whole class of children . . .

"The Bull" came charging down the street. Only a couple of hundred feet now to that Record Score . . .

But what was that — it was . . . they were *Muriel* — they were all Muriel. Terrible, dark eyes. No! — They were children, — the child in Muriel's arms. *They were all the child in Muriel's arms!* Were they already moaning and screaming? Butcher! *Butcher!* No! He couldn't butcher them — he was a *Racer* — not a *Butcher. Not a butcher!* Deliberately he swung the car to the empty side of the street.

Suddenly he felt Hank's hands upon the wheel. "You — dirty — lousy — Anti-Racer!" the mechanic snarled as he struggled for the wheel.

The car lurched. The two men fought savagely for control. They were only yards from the fleeing children.

With a violent wrench Willie turned the wheel sharply. The car was going 165 miles an hour when it struck the school house and crashed through the wall into the empty building.

The voices came to Willie through thick wads of cotton — and they kept fading in and out.

" . . . *dead instantaneously. But the Racer is still . . .*"

It sounded like the voice of Muriel. Muriel . . .

" . . . *keeps calling for . . .*"

Willie tried to open his eyes. Every thing was milky white. Why was there

so much fog? A face was bending over him. Muriel? No — it was not Muriel. He lost consciousness again.

When he opened his eyes once more he knew he was not alone. He turned his head. A girl was sitting at his bedside. Muriel . . .

It *was* Muriel.

He tried to sit up.

"It's you! But — but, how . . .?"

The girl put her hand on his arm.

"The radio. They said you kept calling for 'Muriel'. I knew. Never mind that now."

She looked steadily at him. Her eyes were not terrible — not burning — only dark, and puzzled.

"Why did you call for *me*?" she asked earnestly.

Willie struggled to sit up.

"I wanted to tell you," he said, "to tell you, — I — I am not a butcher!"

The girl looked at him for a long moment. Then she leaned down and whispered to him:

"Nor a Racer!"

WHAT I DO

(*Continued from Page* 39)

got your Jag outside? . . . It'll be a cinch, this kid's nuts for sports cars . . .

Listen John, I hate to ask you this, but — I — I — eh, sort of put a lot of money into Donna . . . Three hundred . . . I have to slip Barbara seventy! I'm not counting my cut . . . Don't blow up, John! I just gave Donna a half hundred to buy a dress with . . . and my check will come to another half hundred . . . Don't do me any favors by picking up the check! . . . I need the money! . . . She's just eighteen . . . Don't forget she just came into town — it'll cost you two bills to get one like her — and she isn't a pro yet . . . She's been in New York three weeks . . . Louisville, Kentucky! That's in the south . . . She's a real blonde . . . Thanks, a check's okay — as long as it's for three bills . . . Wait a while before you come over to the table, I want this bit to look natural. I got a reputation to protect, so keep this deal with Donna quiet — it's not a kick with me, it's what I do for a living!"

38th BEDTIME STORY

(*Continued from Page* 29)

to Castle U., learned how to be a scribe. He wanted to be a scribe for the old, found it easier to be one for the young. So he was."

Twenties into the bag. "So?"

"So he scribed and scribed and made quite a stack, for a child scribe, and married, in spite of the anaemic dragon face, a very beautiful princess, and they had a nice but small stronghold and two carriages drawn by two hundred and twenty horses each."

"Happy ending."

"No." Uncle Billy said.

"No?"

"Uh-uh. First prince got fired from another job in another principality, came to sponge off the second prince."

"Oh." The bartender totaled checks.

"Well," Uncle Billy said, "second prince had to journey to the Land of the Golden Gate, left the first prince with the princess. But instead of a four-moon journey, he was only in Golden Gate Land three. Guess what the second found when he got back to the stronghold?"

"Not in a million — "

"First prince and the princess together."

"No," O'Connor said.

"Uh-uh. In the Room of Sleep. In each other's arms. Sleep. Blonde hair matted with perspiration."

"I'll be darned," the bartender said.

Uncle Billy slipped the pint in his hip pocket. "Second prince tippy-toed over to the chest of drawers ever so quietly, got the small bow and arrow he'd used during the Rice Kingdom War, went out in the living room, checked the bow and the arrows, tippy-toed back down the hall, opened the door, and — "

"Swoosh," O'Connor said.

"Second prince spent the whole day and most of the night wondering what to do. 'What to do?' he wondered. 'What to do?' He just worried and worried and worried and worried. Then he knew. Know?"

"Quitting time, mates!" O'Connor called to the couple in the far booth, slipping on his topcoat. He turned to Uncle Billy. "Bury them in the garden of the stronghold."

"Right. In that position together."

"Great ending."

"Prop their lids open with matchsticks and let them stare into each other's green eyes forever and ever."

O'Connor yawned again. "Terrific. The weakling prince wins again."

"And lived happily ever after," Uncle Billy said, making his way unsteadily for the door.

"Before you go back to your childhood, tell me about coming down here today."

MEN PAST 40

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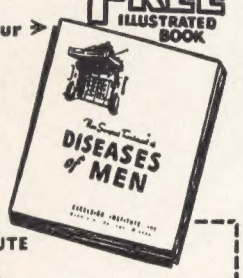

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INCIDENT WITH ARTHUR (*Continued from Page 41*)

Because I was under the impression that I loved you, that I could not live without you. That's a laugh now."

He bit his lip. That was true — after the incident with Arthur, she did not want to marry him. He should have killed her; he should have killed Arthur, as Thaw killed White. Instead, three weeks later, he had married her, and Arthur was still his friend.

No, he should not have married her. In fact, he should not have married at all. He was in no position to support a wife, for, despite his education, he was only an insignificant, impecunious clerk in an office. Although his parents lived comfortably, in a fashionable neighborhood, they were not so well-to-do that they could afford to subsidize his marriage. And they were not especially eager to help him after he had defied their wishes and married a woman of whom they disapproved.

"But when you insisted that we get married," Julie continued, "I made up my mind to make you a good wife. I did my best, I did everything in my power to please you. And I never cheated on you. I have always been faithful to you. You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "I believe you were faithful."

"It's true that when it happened I was drunk and . . ."

"You had only two drinks; you said so yourself."

"Still, I was drunk, and so was Arthur."

"It may sound sanctimonious, but drunkenness, as well as ignorance, is no excuse for a crime."

"Well, why did you marry me, then?"

"Why did I marry you? Because I was insane," Nick said, his voice rising to a shout. "Because I, too, had gone to bed with you and I couldn't get your hot, voluptuous body out of my mind."

"You beast!"

"I married you against my better judgment. I married you against the advice of my friends. I married you against the pleas of my family. I married you because I was mad, because I was a weakling. I never really loved you."

"I'm leaving you, Nick."

"Please do. As soon as possible."

"I'm leaving you right now."

"That's fine."

She got up and began putting her things together. He looked through the window. A man was starting another fire in a yard. Soon he would smell its smoke. A black cat, crouching on the fence, watched, as though fascinated, the little tongues of flame licking feverishly at the rubbish; the little tongues kept licking as if in a frenzied effort to wipe out, to obliterate every trace of this obnoxious dirt and filth.

The yards were overrun with cats, which at night often disturbed his sleep with their wild and wanton cries. Some nights, he would hear the single, helpless squeal of a rat as it engaged in mortal combat with one of its ancient foes, and in the morning there would be stretched out in the yard a huge dead rat, with a segment of its body eaten away. After a while, he heard the door bang in the other room of his apartment, and the apartment became very still, and he was alone.

He admired her courage. But maybe it was not courage, but only hot temper. He admired her anyway, for going. He admired her initiative. He himself always lacked the courage or the hot temper or the initiative. During the past three years he had wanted to leave a hundred times but he never did. What was it that had kept him here? Love? He had been through with his infatuation for this woman one week after he had married her. Was it stubbornness? A sense of duty? Perhaps. But most likely it was only laziness, sheer inertia.

He got up and drank a glass of water. The water felt cool and soothing to his churning stomach. He pulled down all the shades, shutting out the sight of the yards and the houses, and he lay down on the couch. He was very tired. The room was quite dim now.

He looked at the wall. The wall was thick and dark, but Nick suddenly saw, with the dazzling light of a wonderful revelation, a green lawn and a green grove of trees. He sprang up from the couch, his blood racing riotously through his veins, and began packing.

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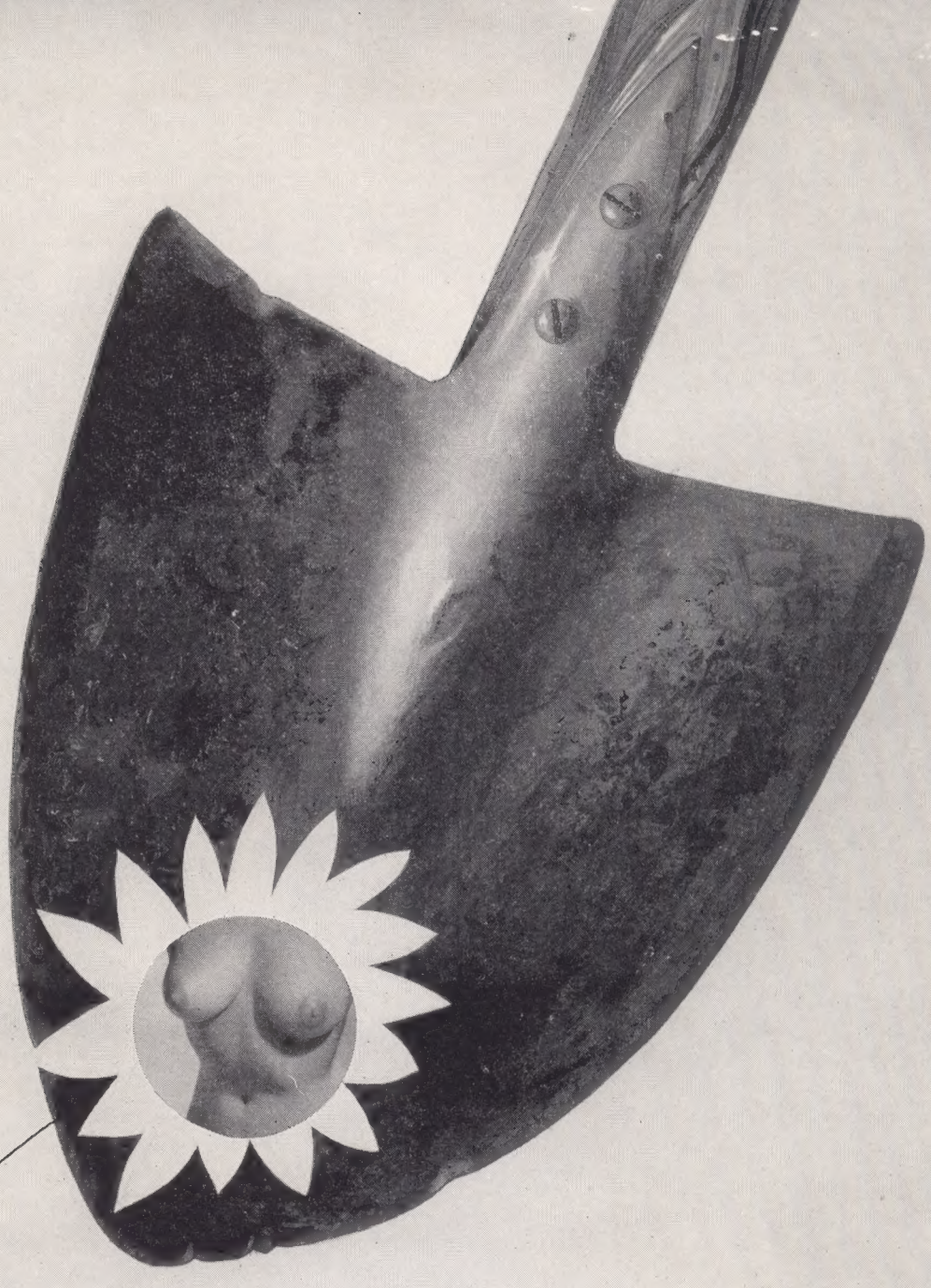

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